

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

JUNE 1992

BLACK LABEL

E D I T I O N



Special

Pet Of The Year Issue!

Heavy metal

Confessions of a gold
smuggler

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Australian PENTHOUSE

The Australian Men's Magazine / Vol 13 No 6 / June 1992 Black Label Edition



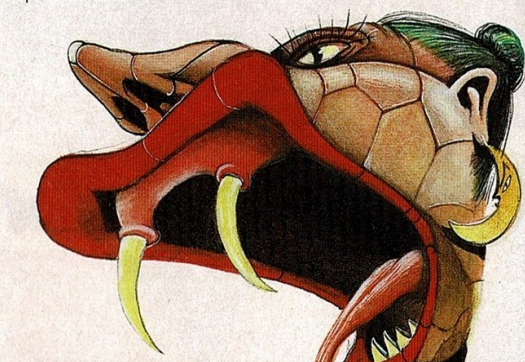
Cover by Bruce Coulter

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*Recommended price only



Cops 'n' the 'hood



Bitches



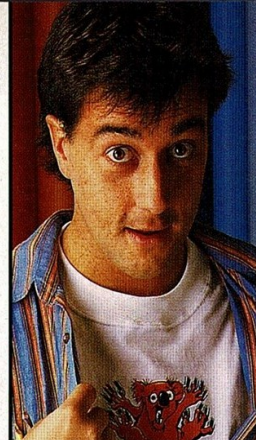
Heavy Metal



Nightlife

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ERIC LÖBBECKE



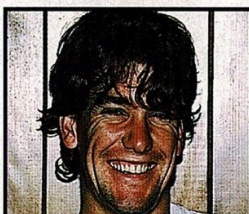
TODD COLE



RICHARD MCKINNON



BRET STEVENS



MARK ABERNETHY

housecall

ANNOUNCING THE 1992 PET OF THE YEAR

This is it. This is the Holy Grail for the ladies who have graced the centrefolds of *Australian Penthouse* through 1991. The prizes for the Pet Of The Year add up to more than \$80,000, and include a car, holiday, fashion accessories, stereo and of course the gold *Penthouse* Key. This year, for the first time, there is also a runner-up. So, who are the lucky girls? Find out on page 71.

GOLDEN GIRL

For Jane Flemming, the 1990 Commonwealth Games in Auckland started with her exclusion from the Australian track and field team, and her subsequent threat of legal action. The fiery blonde from Melbourne eventually wore the Aussie colors in Auckland and brought home gold medals in the heptathlon and long-jump. But, writes **Richard McKinnon**, the sudden transformation from underdog to Golden Girl hasn't changed the 28-year-old's feisty personality or relentless pursuit of excellence as she heads for Barcelona. Turn to page 34.

BITCHES

She steals your heart, undermines your ego and is never short of enemies. Love her or hate her as you like, but ignore her at your peril. She's the Australian Bitch and few men can claim not to have one in their lives. On page 48 **Jean Norman** gives a penetrating insight into a deadly breed of woman that most men can't live without. **Eric Löbbecke** drew the pictures.

COPS 'N' THE 'HOOD

Few Australians know what it's like to live in a suburb where drugs are sold openly on street corners and gangs of teenagers shoot at each other with a range of weapons more suited to the battle-front than the 'burbs. Sydney police officer **Brett Stevens** was recently the guest of the Los Angeles Police Department as they patrolled the ganglands of East LA. His chilling report and photographs appear on page 26.

HEAVY METAL

A dangerous and lucrative smuggling operation around Asia is drawing Australian travellers into its net to transport the oldest treasure of all — gold. Senior Editor **Todd Cole** documents a remarkable two years in the life of an Australian gold smuggler in Asia. From a youth hostel in Hong Kong to the highlands of Nepal, it was a life of luxury that fell apart one night in Bangkok. **Hans De Haas** illustrated the story on page 66.

LOOKING FOR LOVE IN ALL THE NIGHT PLACES

Late nights, early mornings and hangovers. Whatever way you view it, hitting the tiles on a Friday night is an Australian institution. In this second instalment of our Nightlife series we take a look at the nocturnal goings-on of Melbourne through the eyes of **Steve Levitt**, who tagged along on a girls' night out. His story and photographs start on page 84.

JUNE



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feedback

In defence of Pets

In response to the letter and viewpoint headed "Grrr" in your February issue, I could not let this letter go unanswered even though it was not worthy of a response. I would like the young lady to realise that *Penthouse*, in particular the Black Label edition in question, is primarily a magazine for males and if females wish to read it they should keep this in mind.

I think this young lady is placing us (*Penthouse* Pets) in the category of "easy sluts." I'm sure the men who read this magazine don't. I for one am not an easy slut and neither are any of the other *Australian Penthouse* girls.

If this lady would like to buy a similar magazine, but for women, I suggest she invest in *Australian Women's Forum*.

I cannot see how she can justify *Australian Penthouse* as being dirty and sinful about sex. There is nothing more pleasurable than seeing great bodies on show, both male and female, and I feel that a lot of women who enjoy *Australian Penthouse* feel the same way.

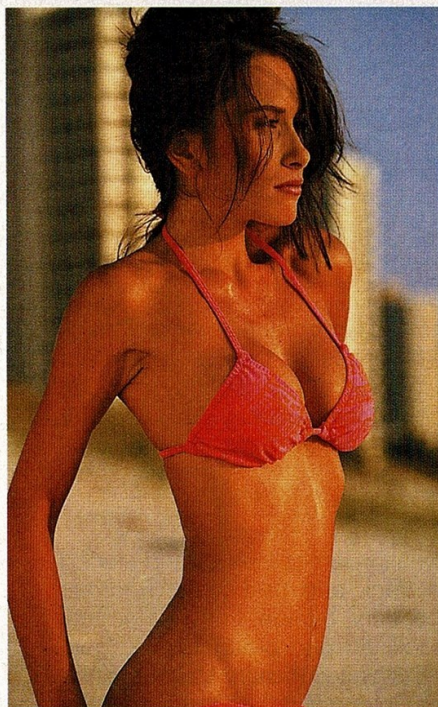
Maybe this young lady should take a close look at her feelings as to how she categorises these models, as I for one, take offence to being portrayed in the manner that she portrays us. Maybe *Cosmo* would be more her scene. Remember — if you don't like what you see, nobody is forcing you to look! — *Stacey, Pet Of The Month, January 1991.*

Striking gold

Oh wow, you guys have really pulled off a hot one this time! "Postcards from the Gold Coast" was the best, hottest and wildest pictorial you've done for ages. Jody is bloody gorgeous and I couldn't get enough of her as September Pet Of The Month last year. But to see her again — and so spontaneously — in "Postcards" was fantastic. I laughed my head off to see all those blokes just gawping at her. Mind you, I'd gawp too. In fact, come to think of it, how about letting us know where and when the next Postcards will be shot? I'd queue up for a week in advance. Thanks for a great mag. — *Rastus, Newcastle, NSW*

Elle's bells

Congratulations on a great magazine.



Jody — Gorgeous

Especially the pictorials and humor. How about a Kantor's Gallery of Elle? Also, it would be good to see some more of Shannon Stewart. Such a beautiful woman deserves a centrefold. — *Name and address withheld*

If you turn to page 33 of this issue, you'll find Elle by Kantor. — Ed

Great music debate

Glenn A. Baker has a well-deserved reputation as a rock historian and a trivia-buff. But his comments on the controversial Prices Surveillance Authority report into the music industry ("Broken Records", Dec '91) hardly flatter his credentials as a serious journalist.

As briefly as possible, some comments:

- Regurgitating figures of industry retail sales, or whatever, sheds no light at all on the key questions, ie, is the industry efficient or not? Are the PSA recommendations sensible or not?

- Comparisons with the textiles and footwear industries are hardly flattering.

- "The PSA is somewhat reticent about proffering its damning data for serious analysis in the public arena." What? I was under the impression that all the PSA price

analysis had been conducted using data supplied by ARIA themselves. Lately it is ARIA who have been conducting price comparisons without offering their data.

- Baker presents figures from the University of NSW showing Australian record prices to be "somewhere in the middle", as if they had been prepared quite objectively and independently of the inquiry. The NSW analysts were, in fact, hired by ARIA as consultants, and their work has been heavily criticised by a number of experts, for reasons which would take up too much space here. Was Baker unaware of the context in which this work was carried out, or did he conveniently forget to mention it?

- Putting it mildly, Baker doth protest too much about the wonderful state of the music industry. The prominence of local talent in the charts is a comparatively recent phenomenon, and the history of Australian popular music is predominantly one of local independent labels, not the multinational ARIA forces. Baker misleadingly implies that the ARIA labels have always been both supportive of and successful at marketing Australian music. History shows otherwise. — *Michael Harris, Fitzroy, Vic*

Bulldust

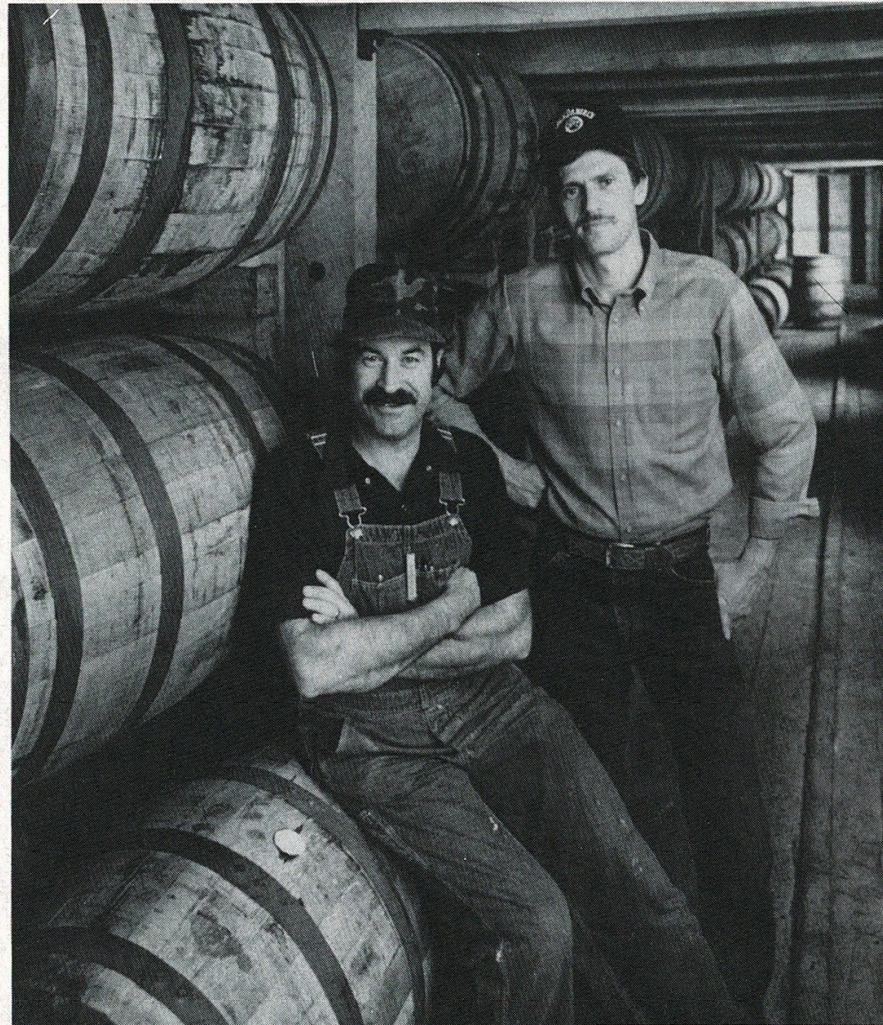
In the February issue of *Australian Penthouse* you had the story of the running of the bulls in Pamplona, Spain. In that story there was a double-page photo of the Spanish-tourist-dickhead (tick whichever) doing a headstand on the back of a bull I noticed something odd. The supposedly "razor-sharp" horns of this particular bull appeared to have golf balls and black tape wrapped around them. Why?

Anyone who enjoys what happens to these bulls would probably also find a better use for that black tape in a secluded spot with just the family guinea-pig. — *Wombat, Puckapunyal, Vic*

Doing a somersault over the bull's horns is a custom that dates from pre-Roman times. They didn't wrap tape around the bulls' horns back then. Presumably it's done nowadays to prevent Spanish-tourist-dickheads from committing seppuku while trying to uphold an ancient tradition. — Ed



Stella Artois. About as sophisticated as a beer can get.



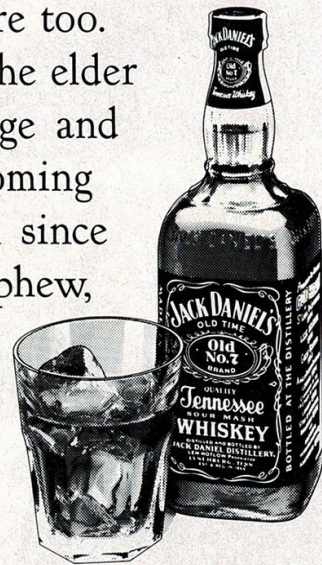
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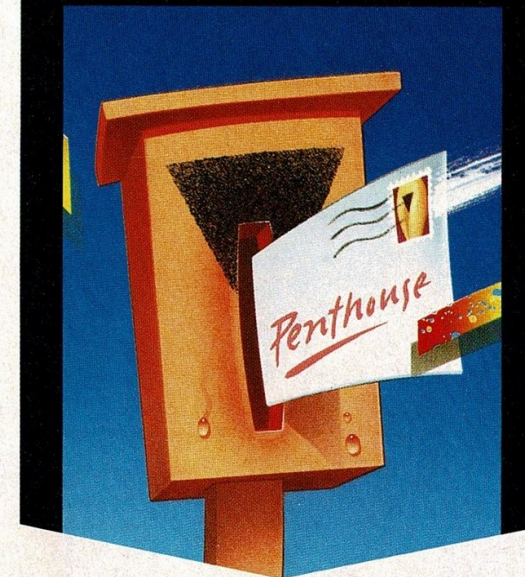
Flat-mating

I share a house with two people who I met through a room-for-rent ad. I hardly ever see the woman on the third floor but James, who recently moved in on the first floor, is a totally different case. There was sexual tension between us from the first, but I never would have guessed that things would turn out the way they did.

One evening I invited him to join my friend Cassey and me for a drink and a night on the town. The two of them spent a lot of time on the dance floor enjoying each other's company a great deal. While they were having a good time, a handsome guy named Steve asked me to dance. I noticed that James and Cassey had disappeared, and since James had driven, I didn't have a way of getting home. Steve offered to give me a ride. When we got there, I invited him in for a drink. Although the next hour was extremely passionate, it was no match for what happened later.

As Steve and I were slipping off to sleep, I heard James and Cassey come in downstairs. A little later I awoke to the sound of my bedroom door quietly opening. I looked past Steve, who was sound asleep, to see James and Cassey standing nude in the doorway. I watched Cassey's long blonde hair sway in the moonlight as she moved over to Steve. She draped her arm over his shoulders and ran her fingers across his chest. As he opened his sleepy eyes and turned to look at her, she slipped into bed next to him, leaned over and began kissing him on his stomach, working her way upward.

At that point I felt James's arm around my waist. He kissed me gently on the back of the neck while inching his hand up toward my breasts. I laughed quietly at what was happening, but my laugh quickly changed to moans of pleasure as he caressed me and I rolled on to my side to face him. He knelt on the floor beside the bed and began kissing me passionately. At times I would pull his head in close to me, gently nipping him on the nape of the neck. Although this



forum

was the first time we had been together, I could instantly see that he enjoyed my teasing.

Cassey and Steve were entwined on the bed next to me. I watched as he kissed her on the face and then began moving down her neck to her breasts. She stretched her body heavenward, arching her back, encouraging him to take her.

I was quickly distracted from the romance unfolding in front of me because James shifted me on to my back, climbed into bed and began to slowly move his mouth down me. His tongue's soft, warm caresses had me so excited, I wanted him to go down on me immediately. He had other plans. He kissed me all over my stomach and thighs while he continued to massage my breasts. Occasionally, he would lightly run his fingertips over my mound, or move up to take one of my hardened nipples into his mouth. His prolonged kissing of my inner thighs had me burning with anticipation. I placed my hands on either side of his head and moved his mouth over my clitoris. He flicked his tongue back and forth before taking me into his mouth and massaging my clit directly with his tongue. I felt a wave of warmth move through my body as he slid his fingers into my wet opening.

Gently, he moved his mouth away from my cunt and rolled me on to my stomach.

He picked me up by my hips, pulling me back into a crouching position. He then slowly slid his penis into me while his hands stroked my swollen breasts. I could feel his dick harden in me as I leaned back to meet his every thrust. As I basked in pleasure, I opened my eyes to see Steve and Cassey involved in their own acrobatics. He was lying on his back, and Cassey had her knees on either side of his head as he held her body upright over his face. I could see his tongue moving in and out of her pussy, her long blonde hair moving to the rhythm of their passion.

At that point I saw Steve's cock inches from my face. It was fully erect and gorgeous. I stroked it lightly with my fingertips, watching it get

harder. I held his balls in one hand and gently squeezed them. Steve moaned aloud and shifted his beautiful pink penis toward me. I glanced up and saw Cassey looking back over her shoulder back at me, smiling as if daring me to go further. While James continued to fuck me, I ran my tongue around the tip of Steve's penis before taking him fully into my mouth. I briefly glanced up and saw Cassey reaping the benefits of my skills. Steve was now moving his tongue rapidly across her. Cassey closed her eyes and arched her back, pushing herself down on his mouth. She looked like she was in heaven.

I could tell that James was thoroughly mesmerised, watching Cassey's luscious body moving in the moonlight. He was moving quickly and deeply in and out of me. His motion, combined with the pleasure of taking Steve in my mouth and seeing Cassey writhing in ecstasy, had me extremely wet and aroused.

The atmosphere was electric. Cassey's breathing became faster and louder, James was moving in and out of me faster and I could feel Steve's cock hardening in my mouth. As Cassey let out a loud, deep moan, I looked up to see her body shudder. At the same time, I felt James shoot deep into me, just as Steve pulled out of my mouth and sent his load of cream all over me.



"I'm afraid that in order to remain competitive we won't be able to pay you anything."

forum

Our lovemaking went on into the night. Never before had I experienced anything so exciting. The next day, I shyly said good morning to James as we met each other in the hallway. We were both escorting our visitors to the door.

Initially, the four of us shared a few nervous looks and tried to avoid one another's gaze. However, after James and I said goodbye to our guest, we spoke briefly about how we had enjoyed last night's adventure. We found ourselves back in my bed, where we spent the afternoon catching up on lost evenings, focusing solely on each other's pleasure.

— Name and address withheld

Snow bunny

"Don't come in your pants." They were the first words Angela said to me — and they were totally warranted. I had walked into a back room in the ski-lodge to retrieve my stocks and discovered Angela — a gorgeous, dark-haired, 18-year-old university skiing champion — squeezing her long, tanned legs into a pair of skins. She was totally naked except for a flimsy T-shirt and skins, which were around her knees.

Her fingers slowly unfurled the tight lycra skins up her inner thighs towards the mound of dark hair at the top of her

legs. Dumb with astonishment, I stayed put and stared at her pussy. She didn't make any attempt to cover herself, or to speed up. In fact, I think she slowed down a little as she traced her long fingers up the inside of her legs.

Anyway, she smiled at me, said those fateful words, and peeled the lycra pants up to the top of her legs, just short of her pussy. With a smile she stood bolt upright and flicked off her T-shirt. Her breasts were perfect: pert, firm, tanned, perfectly shaped and her nipples were standing on end.

Quickly, she whipped the skins up over her shoulders and zipped up that wonderful body into the fuchsia racing suit. She flicked me an impish smile and strode out the door to partake in the race. What was I to do? I just touched my cock and it exploded in my pants.

For the next week I watched her race — she always won. I watched her at apres-ski parties — she was always surrounded by lots of guys. It seemed she was a real untouchable.

Then, one afternoon a week later, I was practising my turns when I saw her heading up the chair to one of the more remote, difficult runs. The sun had vanished and they were closing up the far lifts. The place had that eerie, cold-blue glow. I watched as Angela's lovely arse slipped from the chair at the top. I skied over to where she stood.

"Here he comes again," she said, laughing.

"Listen Angela, I'd be a liar if I said I didn't want to fuck you."

She laughed loudly into the white emptiness of the mountain: "You and every other man in this ski lodge." She pulled her goggles down. "I tell you what — if you beat me to the bottom, you can fuck me," she said, stabbing her stocks into the crisp snow. "Any way and anywhere you want." With those words said, off she went.

What could I say? I'm not a great skier, but with that at stake I was about to give it my best shot. Without goggles I leapt off after her. She had a good head start, but I had the inspiration of that perfect arse ducking and weaving between trees. I ducked into a racing crouch and followed. I was going a lot faster than I was comfortable with, especially considering the fading light, but Angela's body was at stake.

She dropped into a patch of moguls and started some radical high-speed turns.

Here goes, I thought, and headed through a heavily-wooded area to make up the ground. I saw I had gained on her and she was just ahead. But then she dropped into a drastic chute and she was away. I followed her down the chute but it

Continued on page 120

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BY THE BALLS

Silicon solves a delicate masculine problem

Balls — most men take them for granted. They hang around in our jocks, secreting the hormones that make us male. Occasionally we flash out our pride and joy for mutual pleasure and entertainment. No big deal, you probably don't give them a second thought.

Well not me, because I was born with only one of the buggers and for 31 years that's how I stayed — the one-balled wonder. But at the grand old age of 31, I decided to change my credentials as a side-show freak and become absolutely normal. Or at least, *look* absolutely normal. My friendly neighborhood urologist booked me in for the testicular implant at Perth's Sir Charles Gairdner Hospital.

Normally, testes descend from the abdomen during the eighth month of pregnancy. At birth, one in 400 boys has undescended testes. At the end of one year the odds have lengthened to about one to 1000. I drew the short straw of a very large handful — mine never descended naturally.

If they don't descend, it's important to bring them down surgically. Abnormal testes usually remain in the abdomen but if left there they have 30 times greater chance of turning cancerous. If they're brought down before a boy turns four there is little loss of fertility. My Perth urologist told me that the aim with undescended testes is to operate as early as possible, preferably before two.

When I was operated on as a small boy, the good doctor found only one ball to bring home to my vacant scrotum. My sole knacker was no prize-winner either — small and feeble, it tended to disappear completely in the cold or when Percy rose to the occasion. Late-developing testes are usually small.

Having only one ball does not necessarily render a man sterile. The quality of sperm is what

matters. In my case Lady Luck left me completely, and I'm destined to remain as fertile as the Sahara. Though it has profoundly altered my life, it does have its compensations — contraception with me is a non-issue. I can just plunge in without a care in the world. Which is just as well, because I'm every bit as horny as my more conventionally equipped brethren. My all-important testosterone levels are normal.

Thirty-one seems a pretty advanced age to have a testicular implant. The operation is simple and has been available for years. Why I didn't have it earlier is beyond me. I went through agonies at boarding school, and have always had my difficulties in the seduction stakes. Maybe after living with the same lady for nearly ten years, I had convinced myself that it wasn't important. In the end I changed my mind almost by accident.

I was seeing my urologist about a problem I'd developed with the water works. It was an

embarrassing little affair. There I was, surrounded by eager-eyed young medical students, giving the good doctor all the gory details. I wanted to curl up and quietly die. While he was prodding and poking, he told me it would be no problem to put in a prosthesis — an artificial testicle — that would make me look normal. It must have been weighing on my subconscious, because I agreed in a flash.

A few weeks later, on July 22, I was in Sir Charles Gairdner Hospital and first in line for the

**“Contraception
is a non-issue —
I can just
plunge in
without a care
in the world ...”**

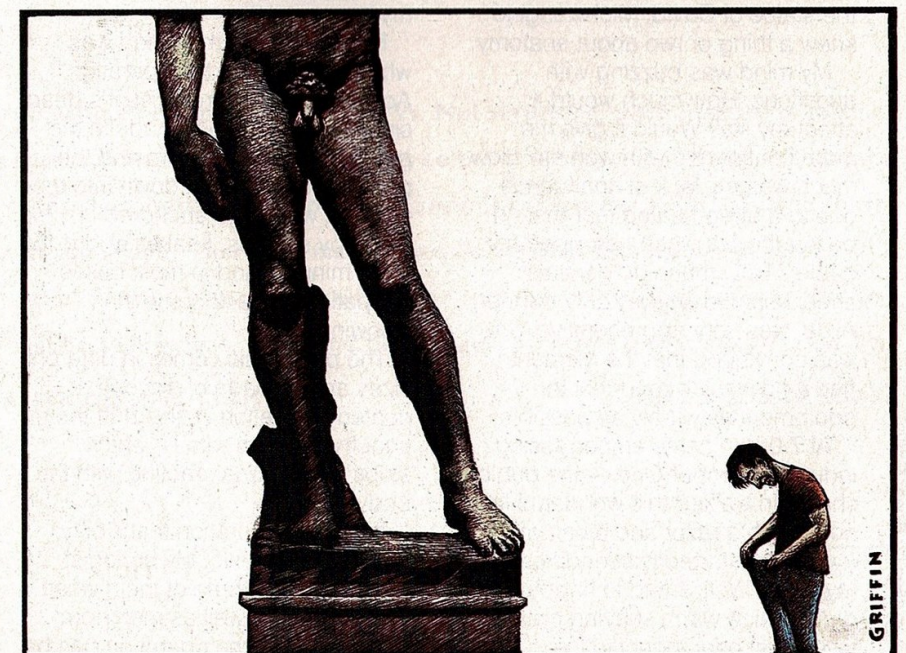
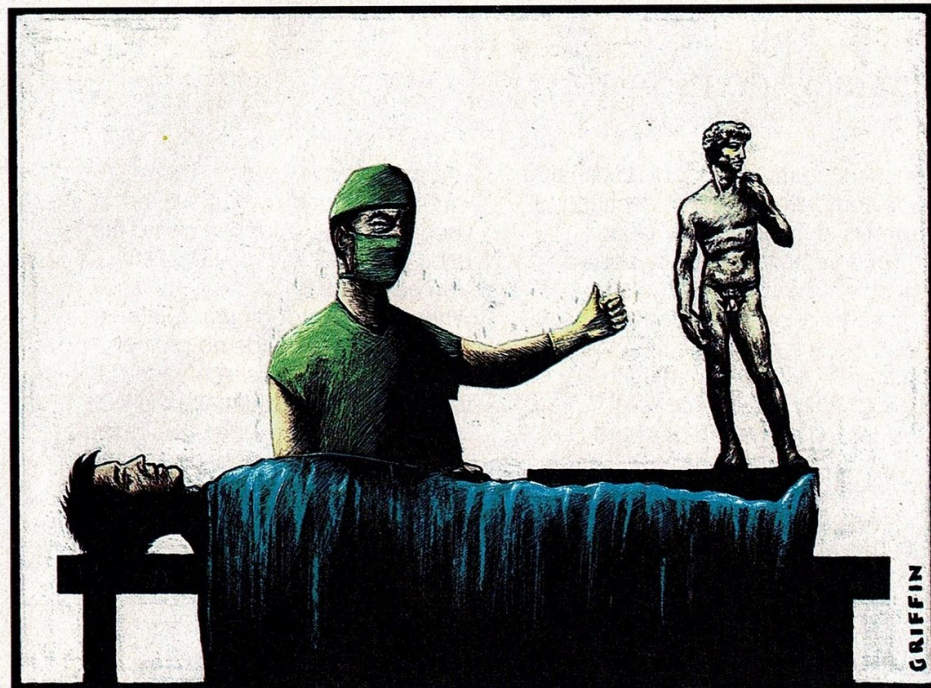


Illustration by Roger Griffin



operating table the next morning. An army of medicos filed through to look, poke, prod, take my pulse, and comment. My groin was becoming public property. One of the white-coats said he thought he'd put in a medium-sized prosthesis. My new right ball would then be larger than my left. Normally the left one hangs lower than the right — just have a look at the statue of David. Michelangelo knew a thing or two about anatomy.

My mind was buzzing with questions. How much would it affect my life? Would it give me more confidence with women? How much was my lack of confidence due to a deep-seated fear that I'd be laughed at when I dropped my dacks? How much do genitals affect your life anyway? My partner, Alice, was very apprehensive. She was convinced that the moment I had it I'd want to road-test the equipment as widely as possible.

At 7.00pm came embarrassing indignity Number One — the pubic shave. In walked this wonderful little nurse with a razor and a can of foam, and started proceedings on my groin. Well, it had to happen, didn't? Nice warm shaving cream, lovely soft hands gently

manipulating my privates, *very* sexy nurse. Helpless, I attempted a little light-hearted relief: "If that thing misbehaves, hit it with a cold spoon," I said desperately.

But she was too sweet and polite to laugh. Finally she let me off the hook.

Embarrassing indignity Number Two was when she returned half an hour later to shove a suppository up my arse.

First thing next morning I was wheeled down for the operation. According to my urologist, it's dead simple. An incision is made in the groin above the scrotum and the prosthesis is pushed down into the scrotum where it's anchored in place by stitches. It takes about 15 to 20 minutes and in most cases the patient is back home the following day.

The prosthesis comes in different sizes and is made of silicone coated with teflon — the stuff they coat frying pans with — which stops the silicone reacting with the body.

It's a rare operation that's only done by urologists. My urologist had only done three of them when he saw me. As well as men born without testes, the operation can be

done on those who lose them through testicular cancer. Most men who have the operation do so because they don't like the look of an empty scrotum.

When I came round from the anaesthetic and I was thinking straight I sat up in bed for my first look. It was a marvellous moment. I would have thought that after 31 years of looking at myself with one ball I would have accepted this as my normal state. Yet for the first time in my life I felt complete. It looked absolutely *right*, if a little swollen from the operation. With a shock of surprise I realised that, try as I might, I had never accepted my previous condition.

I was home the following day. About a week later I contracted an infection that had me shuffling round in pain, but that soon cleared up with antibiotics.

And here I am, five months later, with a pair of near-normal knackers. The only difference is that my right is bigger than my left. I can have that fixed too, if I want, but I'm not sure whether it's worth the bother.

The operation has brought one entirely unexpected benefit. The implant pushed Percy up and out and it now looks bigger. Marvellous! I've never been exactly hung like a horse, but at least now I

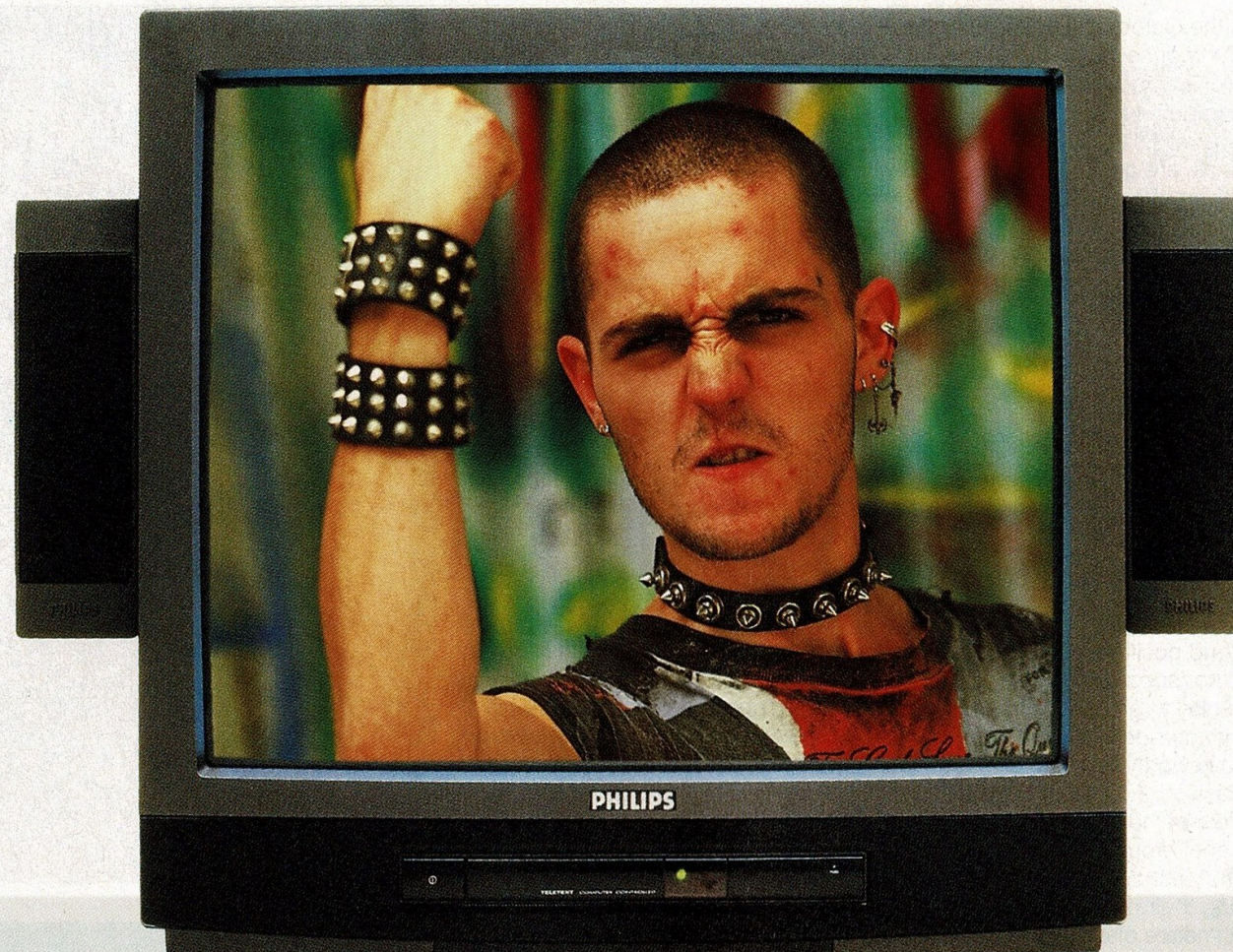
"If that thing misbehaves, hit it with a cold spoon ..."

just about get to average.

My partner Alice thinks I've always suffered from "public urinal syndrome" — a curious affliction that makes men shoot surreptitious glances at their fellows to re-affirm the inferior dimensions of their own organ. She's always said there's nothing wrong with my equipment.

For the first time I'm starting to believe her. — *Michael White*

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THE WHIZBANG GANG

The young guns are doing battle down at the speedway

In the October issue of *Australian Penthouse* motoring editor Peter McKay wondered where all the young petrol-heads had gone. Most of Australia's touring car racers, after all, are on the verge of receiving their pensions.

Well, I've got news for Peter — the young guys are at the speedway, racing sprintcars.

It's at dirt-and-clay oval tracks like Sydney's Parramatta City Raceway that you'll find the young guns of motor-sport — some not old enough to drive cars on the road without P-plates — strapping themselves into 485kW missiles that look like some kind of mutation between a Formula One car and a tractor.

Sprintcar racing involves a complicated series of heat races to set grid positions for the night's final feature race. On a dirt track mixed with clay to give optimum traction, the stampede to the first corner is always worth the price of admission. A car stuck in the middle of the 18-car pack can ricochet around like a pinball.

The best drivers are capable of racing their bucking broncos within centimetres of each other, although most admit an occasional bump is all part of the game. Tight racing and passing is what the sport is all about.

When Perth-based teenage racer Mark Wells arrives at the track wearing his heavy-metal T-shirt, he looks more like a skateboarder than a racer. Even when he changes into his driving gear he still doesn't look like your average driver. His helmet features a trick paint-job worthy of a splatter movie poster — an airbrushed hole depicting an exposed brain. Sprintcar racing is to touring car racing what Motley Crue is to Mozart.

There are enough young dirt-trackers — mostly supported by their parents — to hold an annual Young Guns' race for under-21s. Yet these are not kiddie cars. The aluminium V8 motors under the bonnets are so powerful that a driver can lift the car's front wheels, motocross-style, under full acceleration. You need a budget of

at least \$100,000 to get a sprintcar on the track and keep it going for a full season.

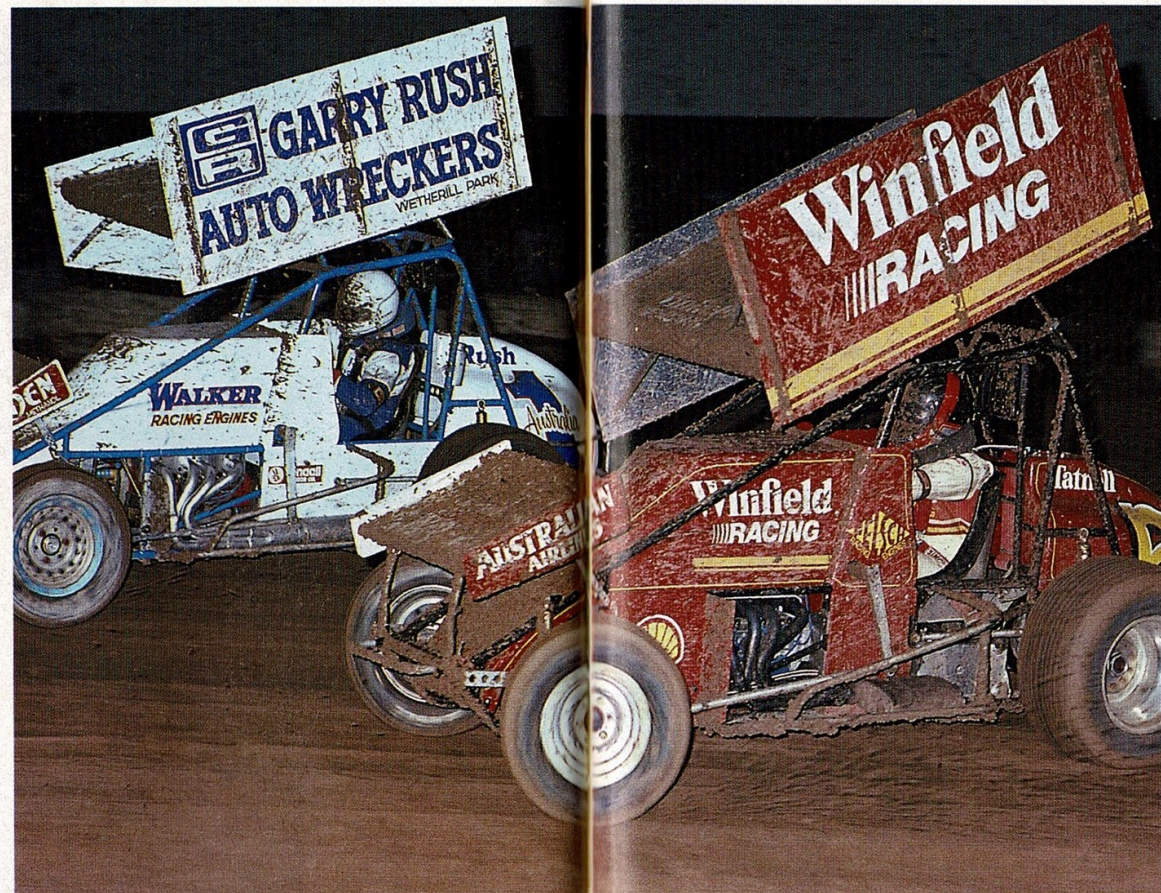
You also need the balls to drive one to the limit — and "balls" is a non-sexist term in speedway terminology, as at least two young women have shown they have the ability to race and win on the track.

Sure there are middle-aged drivers and even battle-scarred veterans like George Tatnell and Garry Rush, both over 50 and both hard to beat on a good night. But it's the young guys like Brooke Tatnell (George's son) who have attracted a younger crowd to the sport. Amongst the brat-packers, Brooke, 20, is seen as a kind of "old hand."

To understand the appeal of the sport you need to understand its roots in southern and mid-western America. In the Sixties a breakaway group of sprintcar drivers called themselves the Outlaws. They adopted the Confederate flag as their symbol and organised their own circuit of country tracks. Today, pro drivers race up to five times a week, live out of the back of trucks and support themselves on prize money.

In Australia, a handful of drivers are now approaching professional status. The prize money is good, there's a national circuit with races in most states and corporate sponsors are becoming increasingly interested. Winfield (subject to the tobacco advertising laws) and Caltex are two corporations which have realised that the speedway can draw large crowds.

Speedway has always had an image problem. It's a proudly working-class sport, with most drivers employed in blue-collar professions like trucking, car wrecking and earth-moving. Some bear the obvious signs of having made their money the hard way: teeth missing and faded tattoos on Popeye-sized forearms. Others, the new breed of sprintcar racers, turn up at the track in late-model Mercedes saloons before hopping into their sprintcars. One of the Mercedes men is Brad Heywood,



owner of a successful automotive service company, whose movie-star looks have earned him the nickname "Hollywood."

Motorcycle champions Wayne Gardner and Jeff Leisk have both tried the sport. Leisk is now hooked and racing full-time for a Perth-based team, while Gardner was last seen talking enthusiastically about



buying a car. But he'll probably wait until he retires from bike racing before he moves into four-wheel mode.

According to the top drivers, driving a sprintcar is like being on the Whizzer in sideshow alley. It's driving close to the edge, being in control — but only just. At full power the centrifugal force squashes the

"Sprintcar racing is to touring car racing what Motley Crue is to Mozart..."

driver into the corner of the seat and the oval track (up to a half a kilometre long) shrinks to the size of a dodgem-car track. Twelve seconds a lap is the norm.

These cars must be driven at full throttle, powered sideways through the corners and treated — as one hot-shot describes it — as if you hate the bloody thing. But beware, the same experts say — sprintcars can bite back. Occasionally they behave in mysterious ways, tipping

on two wheels or turning right instead of left for no logical reason. They sometimes crash spectacularly. But, as the saying goes: "If you don't flip it occasionally, you ain't tryin' hard enough."

Last season Mike Munro did a report on sprintcar racing for *60 Minutes*. Some drivers weren't overjoyed with the slant of the report, which implied that certain spectators only go to see the crashes. It may be true to some extent, but the crowd happily cheers a race in which no-one crashes.

Some drivers like to entertain the crowd at all costs. One of these is Sydney's Rod Bowen, the hero of the *60 Minutes* report. Bowen is known as "The Rocket" because of his never-say-die attitude. Bowen once backflipped his car by finding too much traction on a sticky track. His front wheels lifted so high that his machine pirouetted, Nureyev-style, on its rear "nerf" bar. The car landed upside-down on its wing, crunched back on to four wheels (this all happened at roughly 100 clicks) and despite a wing that looked like used Alfoil, Rocket Rod still tried to finish the race.

When was the last time you saw Jim Richards pull that stunt? — James Cockington

MOST FISHERMEN PREFER THEM *UGLY*



A woman with blonde hair, wearing a white t-shirt and shorts, is sitting on a blue and white striped box. The box has the word 'Shakespeare' written on it in a stylized font. She is holding a fishing rod in her right hand, and the rod is resting on the box. The t-shirt has the text 'Happiness is a rod in your hand.' and 'Shakespeare' written on it. The box also has 'Shakespeare' written on it. At the bottom of the box, there is a small illustration of a fish and the text 'FINE FISHING TACKLE'.

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H E A L T H

FRONT

AT A STRETCH

Fitness fad for the Nineties

How do you cure a bad back, gain physical fitness, correct your breathing and posture and have a better sex life?

No, it's not some new designer drug or a strange religious sect. It's an unorthodox system of exercise and injury rehabilitation enjoying a popularity boom in this country that could see it become the fitness fad of the Nineties.

The Pilates Method of exercise is a system that few Australians have heard of, but it thrives in Europe and in North America. There are already more than 300 studios practising the method in North America.

Pilates is a series of callisthenic repetitions that stretch specific muscle groups and the spine. The 90-minute sessions are supervised and by appointment only. Clients exercise on floor mats and on pulley machines called Universal Reformers. The exercises concentrate on correct breathing and a build-up of power in the abdomen called "centring."

Body Control Australia is this country's only company offering the Pilates (*pill-are-tays*) Method. Body Control owner Allen Menezes was introduced into the Pilates Method the hard way when he injured his back during a game of rugby in Canada. After two years of physiotherapists, chiropractors and mounting medical bills, he turned to a Pilates studio in London. His back injury was cured in six weeks. He was so impressed that he trained as an instructor.

He started Australia's only Pilates studio on Sydney's George St in

"We take cases that the physios have given up on. . ."

1986, and subsequently shifted the operation to Bondi Junction and then opened another studio in North Sydney.

Menezes puts the sudden popularity of Pilates down to the baby boomers: "There's a lot of people in their thirties and early forties who were swept into the fitness boom of the Eighties — they jogged, played tennis and did aerobics and many actually developed injuries from those sports. We're seeing these people now."

The exercise regime was



developed by Joseph Pilates 80 years ago at an internment camp in England. Pilates, a German national, was living in London and was interned when hostilities erupted in Europe. A former gymnast worried about becoming unfit, he came up with a varied set of exercises that, with the aid of his Universal Reformer, would give the entire body a work-out through simple stretching. He built his first Reformer at the internment camp — a combination of springs and pulleys that is still used today around the world.

The Pilates Method has long been a favored exercise regime of ballet dancers because it develops strength, stamina and flexibility without the muscle bulk associated with regular gym exercise.

But the popularity of Pilates in Australia was initiated by its role in sports injury rehabilitation, particularly with back injury.

Notable cases of Pilates working where other methods failed have included Marc Dragan — one-time Australian triathlon champion who was ranked in the world top five but had his career cut short by a crippling back injury. He is now on the comeback trail.

Former tennis pro Carl Limberger cured a back injury at Body Control and now trains there regularly.

Menezes says the Pilates Method

now has a wide following, including corporate go-getters, horse riders, opera singers, cyclists and Multiple Sclerosis sufferers, as well as pregnant women with seemingly incurable sciatica and chronic back pain.

"We are a last resort — we take the cases that the chiropractors and physios have given up on."

The Pilates Method has some reputed bonus side-effects — Menezes says his clients almost universally boast of a better sex life as a result of the regimen — something he attributes to greater abdominal strength.

Where the Pilates Method may lose a few fans will be in the cost. Body Control offers 12 months' unlimited sessions at \$995 and 25 sessions for \$340. And with sessions by appointment only, it is a fitness method for the well-organised as well as the well-heeled. — Mark Abernethy

Photo by Geoff Howden

DRINKING GIMMICKS

Trying to keep the customers satisfied

The hotel bar in Australia has come a long way from the drab facility provided merely to keep a crowd of captive guests happy. For the past eight years at least, they have been metamorphosing into separate branches of entertainment in themselves. Some are luring patrons with offers of two drinks for one during the happy hour, complimentary snacks, live entertainment and late opening hours. Gimmicks range from pizza to pasta to karaoke nights.

The Sheraton Wentworth in Sydney coyly bills its Old Sydney Bar as "one of the city's popular evening meeting places." This really is a euphemism warning you not to walk in with the fellow female executive you've been secretly energising, as they say in the States, because every business colleague you've dealt with in the past year will be there.

Sketches Bar at the Sydney Intercontinental is for those who used to be called yuppies and really can't conceive of life without a signature plate of pasta — recession or not. Cartoonist Warren Brown launched his famous wrapping papers here — "Wog wrap", "Recession wrap", etc — and this trendy image is ruthlessly maintained. The female patrons are sophisticated and really don't take too kindly to a man who still wears his ties so thin that he risks confusing them with his tagliatelle.

Free tapas are the happy-hour lure at the Stars And Stripes Bar of the Radisson President in Melbourne. This year the hotel hosted the Logies, and show-biz types have quite taken to the hotel's other facilities. The bar always has a beer of the month, be it Hahn from Sydney or Fischer from France. The special monthly cocktails are a very reasonable — \$4.50 for gangster's funeral lookalikes like "Sprint Cooler" (vodka, blue curacao, vermouth and Galliano) and "Summer Passion" (strawberry liqueur, orange juice, lemonade and fresh passionfruit juice).

If you want to make people believe that you've made it — businesswise, I mean — the Palmer

Bar of the Melbourne Parkroyal will cloak you in the approval you seek. It's very establishment in feel and lives up fully to its Little Collins Street address. Palmers corresponds to the sort of scenes they used to put in fuck-you-I'm-rich cognac ads.

The Parkroyal Cocktail Bar at the Brisbane Parkroyal is famous for the wrong reasons. It was the venue where many of the transactions in brown paper bags took place between certain people charged in the Fitzgerald Inquiry. The bar also features photographs of the many entertainers who are regulars at the hotel, most notably John Farnham and Elton John.

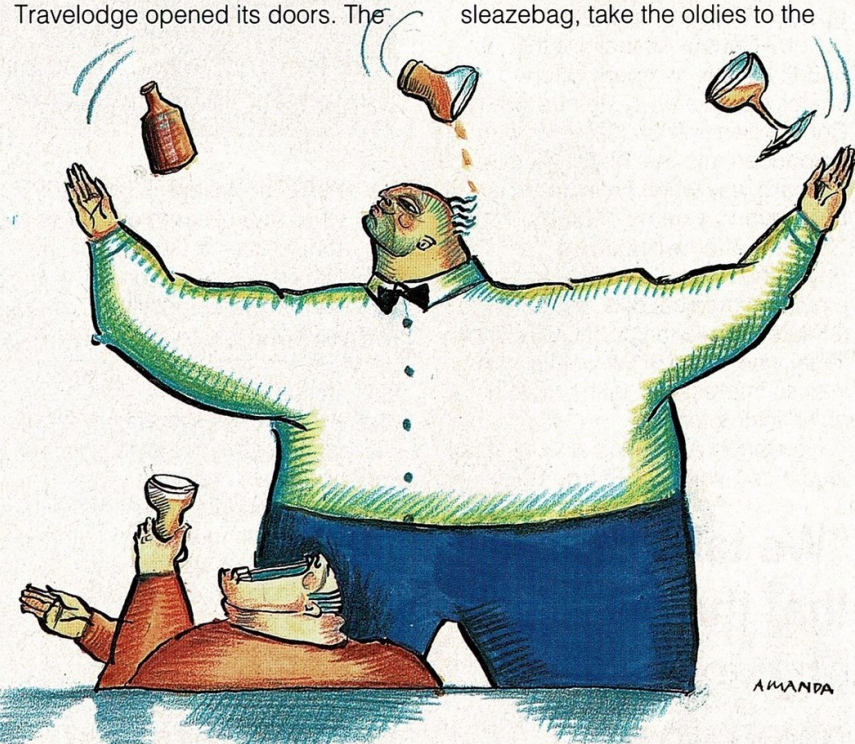
Santa may never have made it into Darwin on Christmas Day, 1974, but he could certainly relive the past at the Lodge Bar of the Darwin Travelodge. As much a history lesson as a bar, the walls are plastered with clippings telling the story of Cyclone Tracy, which hit Darwin a few months after the Travelodge opened its doors. The

a better location — Hay Street. The Townhouse Bar and Brasserie defines the word "intimate" and the selection of Westralian wines by the glass is worth the trip.

The Atrium Lounge in the Hyatt

"Gimmicks range from pizza to pasta to karaoke ..."

Regency Adelaide is the sort of place to take your intended's parents to allay their very real fears that you are not worthy of their daughter. A relaxed, genteel atmosphere prevails as you sip the vaguely exotic cocktails and listen to the pianist still waiting for offers from the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra. If you're a real sleazebag, take the oldies to the



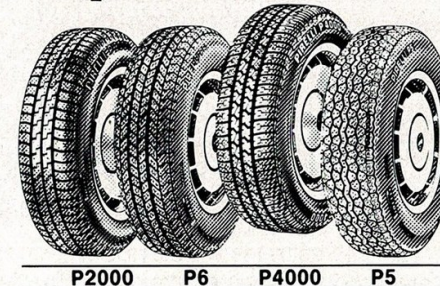
hotel survived to become the HQ for the rebuilding effort. You can drink inside or outside by the pool.

The newest hotel to open in Perth is the Perth Townhouse Travelodge and no other hostelry in the city has

afternoon tea. Although the Atrium is open late, don't even think of beginning a clandestine affair here. You know that everybody in Adelaide knows who you are. — Elisabeth King



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PTA 92/11 E

With inflation low, it's time to talk to your bank

the way down. They may even reach the level of the Fifties, when those war-service loans were only slightly below market level. And if interest rates remain below double figures over the next couple of years, you should think about lengthening the term of any loans taken out. Just think about it, don't necessarily do it. Inflation is a long-term cycle. The CPI hasn't shown such small increases since the mid-



And I might even pay my old man back. Maybe. — *David Quicksilver*

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A collection of various folding knives and cut-throats displayed on a dark, textured surface, possibly a book cover or a display board. The knives feature different handle materials (wood, bone, metal) and blade designs (straight, curved, serrated). The knives are arranged in a grid-like fashion, with some open and some closed. The handles are made of various materials, including wood, bone, and metal. The blades are made of metal and some have decorative engravings. The background is a dark, textured surface, possibly a book cover or a display board. The knives are arranged in a grid-like fashion, with some open and some closed. The handles are made of various materials, including wood, bone, and metal. The blades are made of metal and some have decorative engravings.

Please print clearly

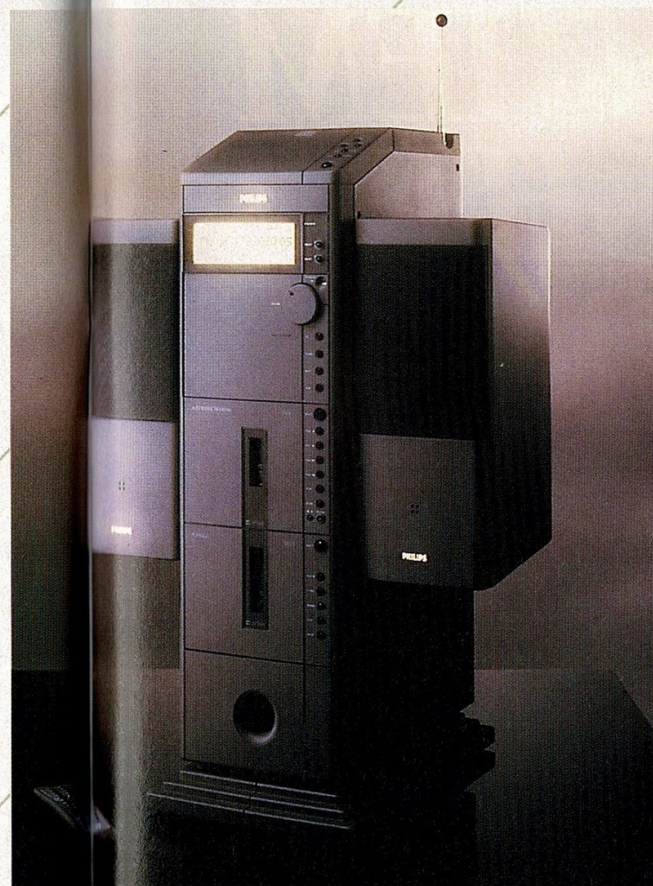
Please include STD area code with your number

AP



▲ TEAC is in a bit of a dither with its new CD-Z5000 compact disc player, but in digital audio terms this is actually a good thing. "Dithering" is a technique employed in professional digital recording to give more accurate conversion of the sound signals into digital data. This is just one of several advanced signal processing facilities installed in the CD-Z5000 which employs four digital-to-analogue converters (DACs for short) with BX times oversampling digital filters. What this all means is a treat for the ears while the \$799 price isn't too hard on the eyes either. For the money, the CD-Z5000 owner also gets 20-track programming, full remote control (including volume level) and a swag of convenience features.

European electronics giant Philips has decided to take on its Japanese rivals at their own game and has launched an extensive range of differently styled audio and video products. A spot of lateral thinking has turned the conventional hi-fi system on its end and the result is the AZ 9712 Tower Sound Machine designed to take up less floor space. The tower incorporates CD player, AM/FM stereo tuner and dual cassette decks, while all the controls are arranged vertically (remote operation is possible). The two-way loudspeakers can be detached and bass reproduction is enhanced by the provision of a ported low-frequency generator. Philips Consumer Electronics can supply more details.



▲ Shooting long distances is a breeze with Hitachi's VM-E23E 8mm-format video camcorder. The problems associated with fitting a telephoto zoom into a small camera have been solved by employing some clever digital trickery which electronically magnifies the image up to 64 times. Where the 8X optical zoom leaves off, the digital circuit takes over. The 900g, palm-sized VM-E23E is packed with creative recording facilities including an audio/video fader, built-in titling (with two-page memory) and high-speed shutter. Remote control of the key functions is possible and all operations (focusing exposure, etc) are fully automatic. It's yours for \$1899 from Hitachi Sales Australia.

Times are tough so Minolta has added a budget model to its Riva range of 35mm compacts. The Riva 35 is a pocket-sized shooter (weighing just 190g) equipped with a 35mm f.5 lens. Despite a very modest purchase price of \$99 it's equipped with a fully motorised film transport and automatic film speed setting. The lens has a fixed-focus range from 1.5 to infinity and while the built-in flash is switched on manually, a low-light warning ensures you're not left in the dark. You'll find the Riva 35 at any Minolta stockist.



◀ One for the raincoat brigade. JVC's GR-AW1 camcorder is shower-proofed to allow video-making come rain, hail or shine. It's a VHS-C (compact VHS) machine fitted with a 6X power zoom which autofocuses down to just 1.5cm. Recording is fully automatic with a number of advanced facilities such as backlight compensation and digital tape tracking. JVC's wet one even has a built-in tape head cleaner to maintain the best possible picture quality and lengthen service intervals. The GR-AW1 costs \$2699 and the people at Hagemeyer (Australasia) B.V. will happily tell you where to find one.

If you like exclusivity and are prepared to pay for it, then the Contax RTS III could be just the SLR for you. The price tag is around \$4500 (and that's before you add a lens), but for the money the Porsche-designed Contax delivers a top shutter speed of 1/8000 second, four exposure modes, a five-frames-per-second motordrive (that's quick) and advanced features such as auto-bracketing and a multiple-exposure function. It's built from titanium and magnesium alloy so you can look upon your investment as very long term. Distributed by Merit Imports and Baltronics.



▲ You don't have to suffer from the long-term effects of intoxicating liquors to have problems holding a video camera steady. Panasonic's cure for the shakes is an electronic stabiliser which compensates for slight wobbles in any direction to give a rock-solid picture. Weighing just 690g, the NV-S5A is a serious shootin' iron with features such as an 8X zoom (12X with digital special FX), a long-play mode, a fader and a video "snap-shot" mode which records a still frame and holds it for five seconds, so all you have to do is point the NV-S5A in the right direction. It costs \$2199 from Panasonic Australia.

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Dr Bob Montgomery is a clinical psychologist with a Melbourne-based consultancy. He is the author of several self-help books and is a regular guest on a variety of radio and TV programs.

MANAGING YOUR TIME

Get the most out of life by
fitting more in

Do you often get to the end of a day with more to do than you started out with? Do you often run late for important projects or appointments? Or, do you frequently work evenings or weekends so as not to run late? Poor time-management is both a sign and a cause of stress problems. On the other hand, getting yourself reasonably organised has three potential benefits. First, your tasks get done in an efficient and orderly way; second, your anxiety and stress are reduced; third, the time you save can be used for achieving other goals.

I'm not suggesting you live by a stopwatch. I am suggesting that some time-management can make your life more rewarding and enjoyable. The starting point for time-management is to set your goals. Why? Because that's what you are managing your time for: to achieve the goals in your life. Goal-setting often begins with some wishful thinking. "I wish I earned more money." "I wish my job was more interesting." "I wish my marriage was more fun." Unfortunately, that's as far as a lot of people get.

You turn wishes into goals by translating them into action plans. For instance: "Here are the exact steps I will take to make my wish come true. I will do a computer skills course at TAFE and apply for

the supervisor's job. I will do something for fun at least once a week."

The other important point about goal-setting is to be sure you set goals for all the important areas in your life. These include career, learning, family, friends, health, recreation, personal development and so on.

Of course, one area of life may seem more important than others at different times. It's the Christmas holidays? Then for some the family will take priority over other aspects for a period of time. There's a plumb position going at work and you want it? Then career demands may cloud other endeavors for a while. But the overall goal should be to have balance in life.

You decide which areas are most important to you, but if you neglect one by not having a current goal for it, don't complain if that part of your life falls in a heap.

Take a snapshot of how you currently distribute your time. The best — if demanding — way of doing this is to keep an accurate diary of your activities for at least one typical week. How do you usually spend your daytimes, evenings, weekends? Look at this record and ask yourself whether any of your current goals are receiving more or less of your time than they should.

You can accept brief periods of

imbalance in your life, when there is a pressing need to focus on one area at the expense of others. But lead an imbalanced lifestyle for long and you will pay a high price in terms of your health, well-being, relationships and the goals you are neglecting.

Whenever you realise you have slipped into an imbalanced lifestyle, you should ask yourself how you intend to get back into balance. What do you need to spend less time on, in order to have time for other important goals? Make some concrete plans to rebalance.

Using time effectively means doing the right things, the ones that are going to make the biggest difference to your achieving your goals.

**"Eighty percent
of your
problems are
caused by
20 percent of
your world. . ."**

An Italian economist, Pareto, has put forward his *Optimal Law of Maldistribution* to explain the need for prioritising. That sounds a mouthful but you will recognise his law from your own experience. Pareto says that 20 percent of your efforts achieve 80 percent of your success, while 80 percent of your problems are caused by 20 percent of your world. I'm not sure it's always exactly 80 to 20, but his basic message rings true.

So examine your activities carefully. Which ones bring you most of your rewards? They deserve priority. Now, which parts

of your life cause most of your problems? They deserve priority. Tackle the priorities in your life first, and you will be maximising your successes and minimising your problems.

Here are some tips to help you manage your time more effectively.

Delegate. Delegation develops other people and gives you extra time. Remember delegation is not an abdication of your responsibility, but don't pretend to delegate. Beware of upward delegation from someone asking your assistance: "Would you show me how?" (Meaning, "would you do this for me?")

Record important information in ways that allow easy retrieval. Whether this is appointments, commitments, agreements or whatever, write it down and store it so you can use it. Remind yourself of important things with written notes.

If you have trouble starting a task because it looks too large or unappealing, use the five-minute plan. Agree to work on it for five minutes (or up to ten or 15). Then see how you feel. Often this gets you going and you finish it. If you have to do it in ten little bites, at least it's done.

If you have trouble getting started because you have a number of tasks with no obvious priorities, use the bits-and-pieces plan. Choose any task and start immediately. As soon as you finish it, start another. This can be a useful habit to develop for productively filling your time.

List the day's activities, then prioritise them. Tackle them in that order, crossing them out as you go. Beware of plausible distractions: "I'll just do this first." Priorities first.

The truth is, each day could be your last. Get the most out of it for yourself that you can. That's time-management. 



**In the suburban
ghettos of south-
east Los Angeles,
the cops' main
concern is
staying alive**

**WORDS AND PHOTOS BY
BRETT STEVENS**

The small convoy cuts its way through the early morning Los Angeles haze. Slamming to a sudden halt, a dozen men in dark-blue uniform leap from their cars and rush towards a dilapidated house. A barred door is forced and, with pistols at the ready, they clear each room. Drugs and a shotgun are found but an obese black woman informs us that her teenage drug-dealing sons have already left for school.

The officers are members of Community Resources Against Street Hoodlums

Cops in the hood

cops'n'the'hood

(CRASH), a branch of the LA Police Department which deals only with gangs. They leave through the shattered door, aware that they have missed only a few of LA's 80,000 crack-addicted, psychopathic gang members; people known to be in possession of enough small-arms weaponry to fill a country's arsenal and very little social conscience to prevent their use.

There is no other way to describe the south-east ghettos of LA but to call them a war zone; a battlefield in suburbia. It's an area where the cops are hard-pressed just to stay alive, let alone keep the peace.

The boys they have just missed are part of a family of nine, all of whom are gang members. Their two older brothers are in prison on murder charges.

"They just can't escape it," says Officer Tim "Gumby" McRath, who grew up in this neighborhood. "They're virtually born into a gang." At a recent high-school reunion McRath discovered that half of his former school mates were in a gang, while the other half had joined the LA Police Department (LAPD).

By mid-morning the dust hangs in the warm desert air as our black-and-white (police car) cruises past homes and businesses that have been turned into fortresses with heavy steel bars on every possible entry point. We descend into the depths of the Projects, one of the worst trouble spots.

"You should see this place on New Year's Eve," says McRath. "There are so many guns going off that it sounds like a war." In fact, the problem has become so serious that, at that time of year, all police now take shelter in safe houses between 11.30pm and 12.30am.

We come across a crime scene that has been taped off from the surrounding area. Homicide detectives look on as the body of a black man in his late thirties is photographed. Neighbors explain that the man had been sitting behind the steering wheel of his car for four days, but nobody had noticed the bullet hole in the side of his skull. The seasoned cops shake their heads and look towards the heavens, by now long accustomed to the mentality of non-involvement.

Detective Joe Herrera shakes his head, too. "This makes it 23 murders I now have to investigate. There are so many that I have trouble remembering which is which," he says.

Two blocks down the track, youths

deal crack and PCP to passing motorists on street corners for \$10 a throw. On one block a narcotics sting operation that has undercover cops posing as dealers nets a dozen customers, who are then chained together, reminiscent of our old convict days, and bundled into a van.

The radio suddenly crackles. An excited voice announces that another unit has just witnessed a drive-by shooting and is now in pursuit of an old red Pontiac. Several cars, including our own, join in, blocking off streets, attempting to box the offenders into a corner. The chase ends when two men jump from the still-moving Pontiac, leaving it to crash out of control into a row of parked cars. The fugitives make their escape through the labyrinth of tiny laneways.

The "drive-by", buzzword of the gang war, accounts for a good percentage of the 1000 murders that occur in this area each year — and with a force of only 8,000 the LAPD is finding it hard to cope.

Watts, one of the major problem areas of LA, was the scene of mass riots in which many people died in the mid-Sixties. It's still a powder-keg today. Several home-boys loiter on a corner, their red bandannas and matching Reeboks signifying to all that these are members of the infamous Bloods, one of the better known LA street gangs.

The whole area is divided into

zones where such colorfully named gangs as the Miller Gangsters, Hacienda Village Bloods or the Shotgun Cripps rule their territories with iron fists. If anyone is caught in an alien zone wearing the wrong colors, he's quite liable to be killed for it. Some colors — such as black — are considered neutral and allow the general populace to move about without too much hindrance.

Four members of the Swan — a gang which officer Tom "Haji" Mathews describes as "everybody's victim" — catch sight of the police uniforms. They instantly make an about-face and do a superb act of appearing casual as they try to make their escape. They don't get far and after the usual line of questioning and protestations of police harassment, they admit to having once been drug users, asserting that now, however, they are totally straight. Neither officer decides to take their word for it.

A search produces a small white rock of crack on one — there are warrants out for the others. Further questioning reveals that the 16-year-old had recently been charged with murder. It's his second such charge for the year and a highlight on his 18-page rap sheet.

"Goddamn juveniles get away with just about everything in this country," McRath remarks with disgust.

An hour later McRath and Mathews find themselves taking cover behind a parked car in a dark alley with their



Left: LAPD CRASH unit raids a house for drugs — the drug dealers they were looking for had just left for school. Above: A morning briefing for the CRASH officers before venturing into the war-zone suburbs. Right: The drug deal, Los Angeles style — crack and PCP are sold in the middle of the street for \$10 a hit.



cops'n'the hood

guns trained on the rear yard of a crack house — home turf of the Hoover Cripps. Half-a-dozen Cripps run toward us, pursued by Officers Steve Carillo and Bennyworth. The gang members throw their weapons to the ground when they see the LAPD guns pointing in their direction.

After the area is cleared, Mathews tells us how, at a similar scene some weeks ago, his partner had looked down to see a red dot from a laser sight centred on his chest. "Man, I've never seen anyone side-step like he did that night," he says with a grin as we pull into the parking lot of his favorite soul-food restaurant. A few other CRASH members are already enjoying a meal of "gumbo and grits", talking shop as they eat. Officer Gordon sits toying with his food, absent-mindedly turning a steel bracelet on his wrist. The name engraved on the bracelet is that of his former work partner, who committed suicide from work-related stress. An uneasy silence falls over the table as he recounts the circumstances of his friend's death. He's still visibly affected by something which afflicts policemen the world over.

McRath breaks the tension with the story of a 454kg man whose wall had to be torn down so that he could move to a new apartment. The event had been widely covered by the media, causing the man to become a local celebrity. "Personally I don't think the guy was over 400kg, plus I heard he's gone on a diet so that next time he can leave through the front door," McRath adds, causing the group to break up with laughter.

With our appetites satisfied, we venture back out into the night, travelling further into the graffiti-splashed Projects. There are only fleeting glimpses of shadowy figures that disappear into the rabbit warren of the old apartment blocks. We race across town, responding to an urgent request for back-up. A police helicopter circles overhead, its powerful light trained on members of the Rolling 30s gang, who are caught in the middle of a drug deal.

"These mothers are one of the toughest gangs around. They're always running hot," says Sergeant Mays, a 23-year veteran who once had a \$100,000 contract taken out on him by this gang. Four gangsters died attempting to collect.

The night progresses, with bullets flying thick and fast, leaving two gang members with head wounds, a third shot in the leg and a fourth lying in the dust with a chest wound — all of them



separate incidents occurring within a few blocks of each other over a two-hour period. Opposing Hispanic gangs yell obscenities at one another, mimicking pistol actions with their fingers, a warning of what the others can expect. A black-and-white chances upon the scene, calling on the gang to drop their weapons. A

Top: CRASH officers sneak up on a suspected crack house.

Above: Just some of the 80,000 gang members in Los Angeles — they communicate with a system of hand signals.

Above right: Another gang and drug-related statistic.



heavy-set teenager turns towards the police car. His hand, covered by a towel, points at the police — he dies because of it.

A Blood is chased on foot through his neighborhood. He rounds a corner and drops to the ground, aiming his MAC 10 sub-machine gun. The cops sprint past, swinging out wide. Then they line him up and cut him down with a barrage of shots.

To many, earning a living this way may seem pointless and unrewarding. But as difficult as it may seem, officers such as McRath and Mathews are positive and enthusiastic about

their work — even to the extent of enjoying the pressure and adrenalin that it generates. McRath plans to complete the two years left of his four-year business degree, but wants to stay in the LAPD and keep working the streets. For him, he explains, life is never boring.

Mathews wants to know if we have "much of a problem" with gangsters and drugs in Australia.

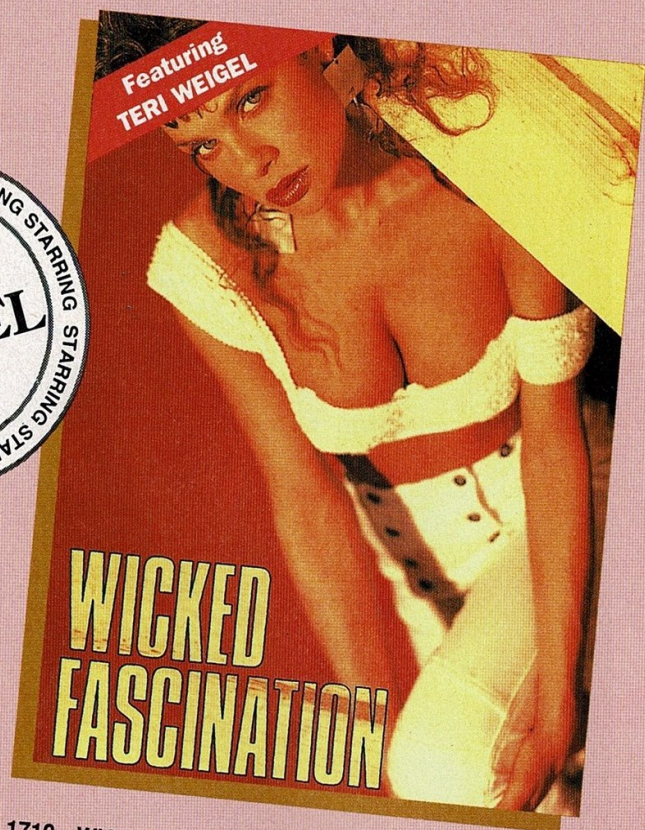
"Nothing as bad as this," I reply. "That's what I would have said five or ten years ago. You just wait, man, it'll hit you soon enough."

I arrived home at Mascot airport to

see news of the death of one of our leading surgeons, and images of his body lying in a gutter. I thought of the grisly murders that no longer make headlines in this country. I watched news broadcasts tell of Triad and bikie-gang involvement in drug distribution, and thought of the gunman I saw shot dead outside my own home. I decided that Mathews was right. The seeds of LA are already well and truly planted. ☐

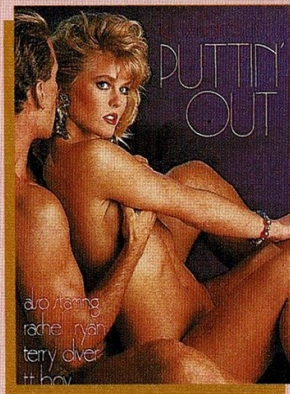
The statements and opinions contained in this article are the author's personal observations and do not necessarily reflect or represent the procedures and policies of the NSW Police.

'Teris' the Tops

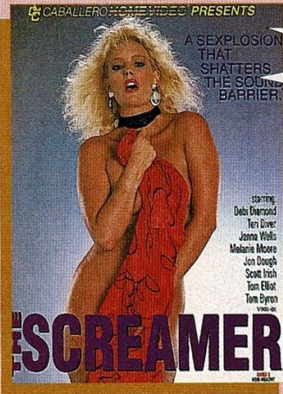


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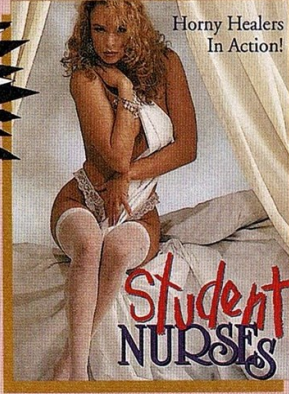
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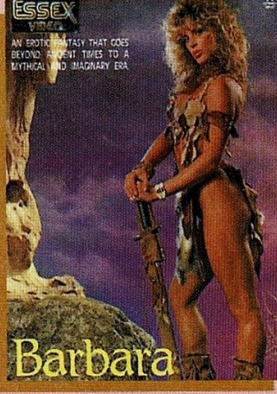
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If you're interested in quiet nights in front of the telly then you'd better give 22-year-old Jade a miss. The tawny-haired beauty is pure action, something she puts down to the influence of her army officer father. "I can't remember ever having a doll in my hands — I liked tree houses and playing with toy fire trucks. My childhood dream was to be a firefighter."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE EASTON

ready for action





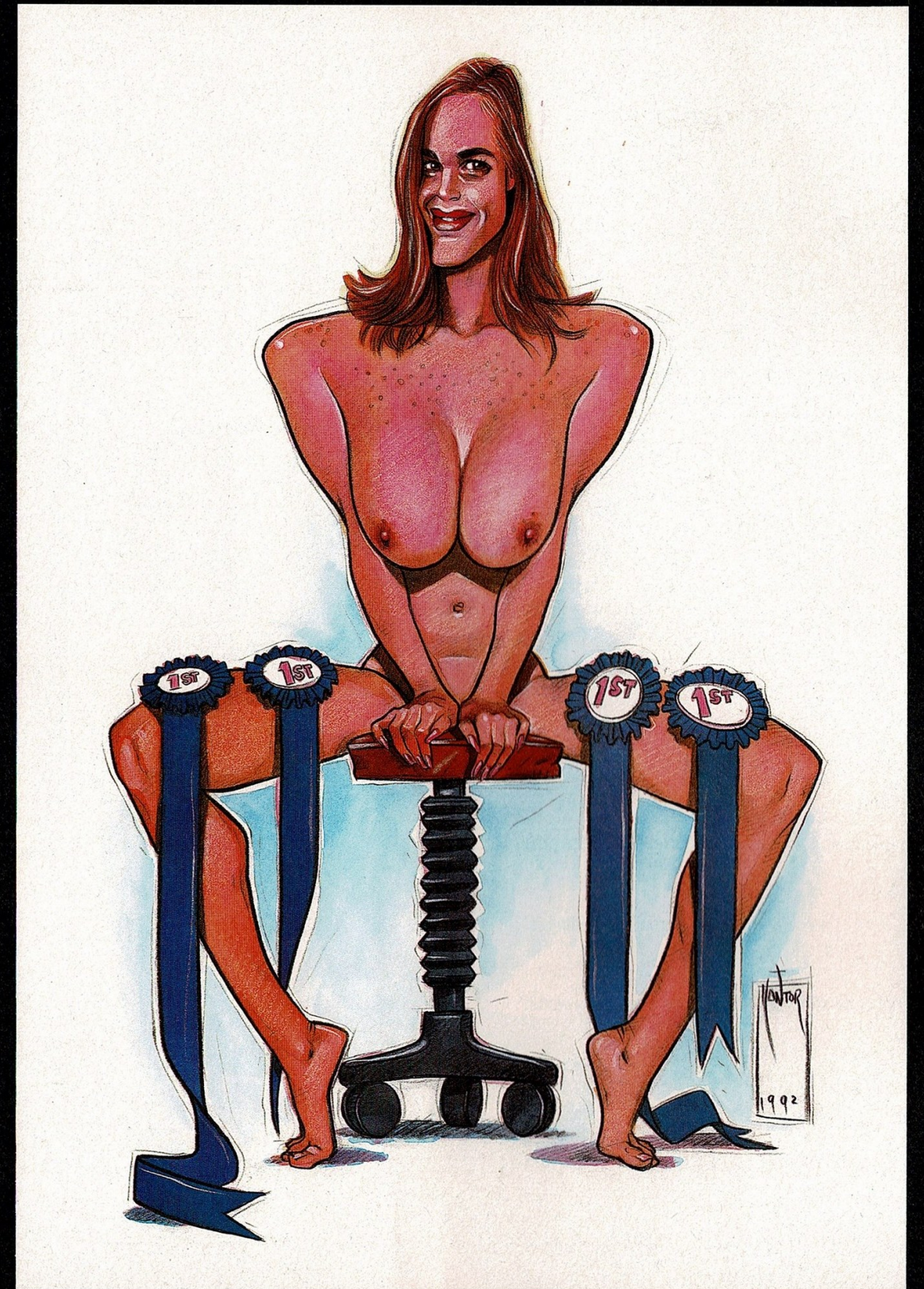
Jade, an Aries with 36-24-35 curves, now makes her living as a scuba-diving instructor where her yen for action becomes a reality. Jade has her share of admiring tourists on the job, but keeps business and pleasure separate. "I love tall, funny, adventurous men — but there's a time and a place for everything," she says.







K A N T O R' S



CELEBRITY SKINS

Elle MacPherson

GOLDEN GIRL

This isn't a country where high achievers get big pats on the back. Athlete Jane Flemming knows this well. She knows the heartbreak, agony, solitude and anger that the search for excellence can bring.

Flemming is obsessive and compulsive. She's an achiever and a perfectionist and this year the world's second-ranked heptathlete, long-jumper and dual Commonwealth Games gold medallist is willing herself to greatness.

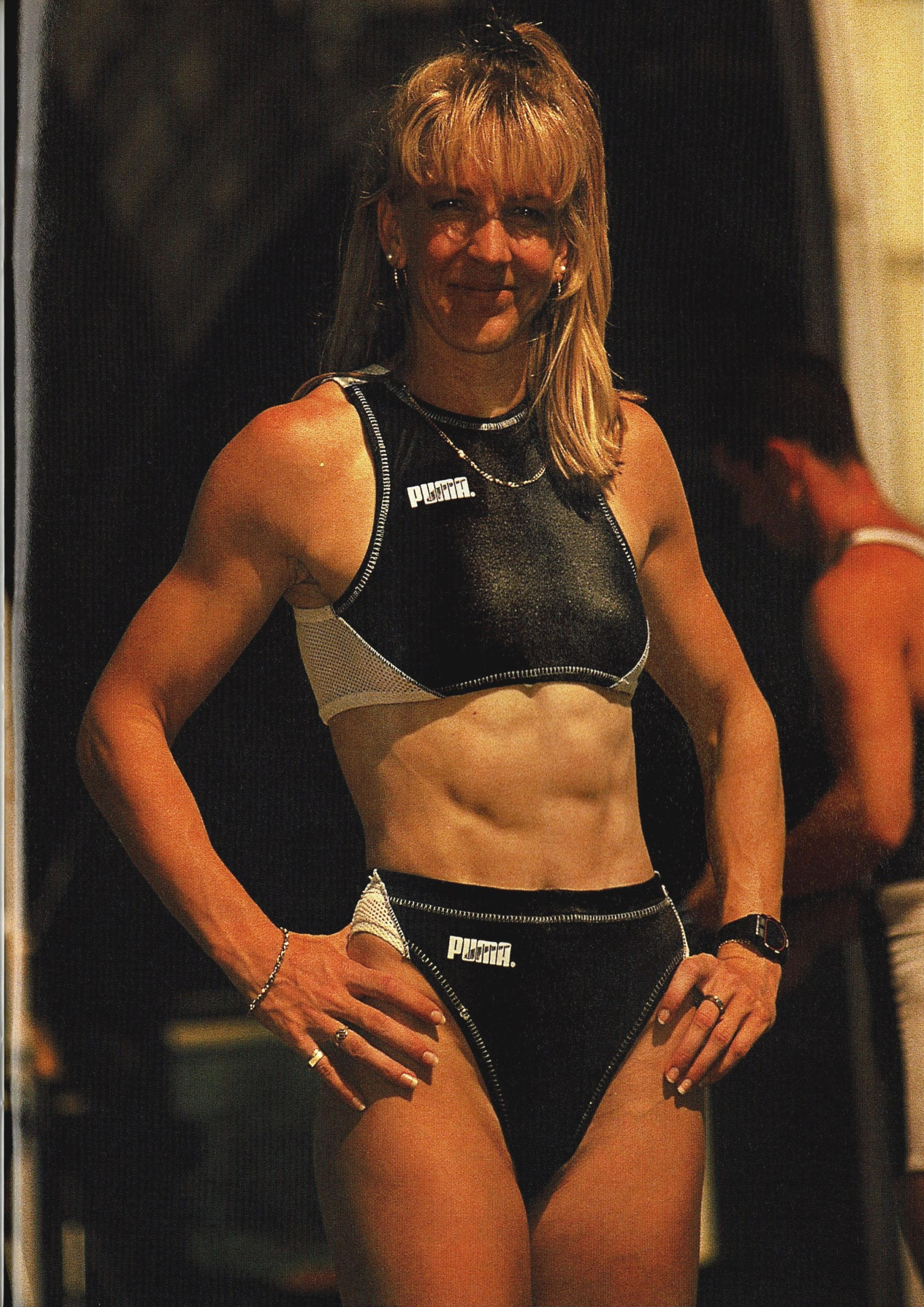
**Has Jane Flemming got what it takes
to bring home gold from Barcelona?**

Andy Warhol once said that in the future, everybody would be famous for 15 minutes. At this year's Barcelona Olympics,

Warhol's theory will be tested to the fullest. Flemming will either achieve a goal she has fiercely sought for 20 years, or she will fail. But in the wider picture, Barcelona will only be a stepping stone, because Flemming has a will to win and

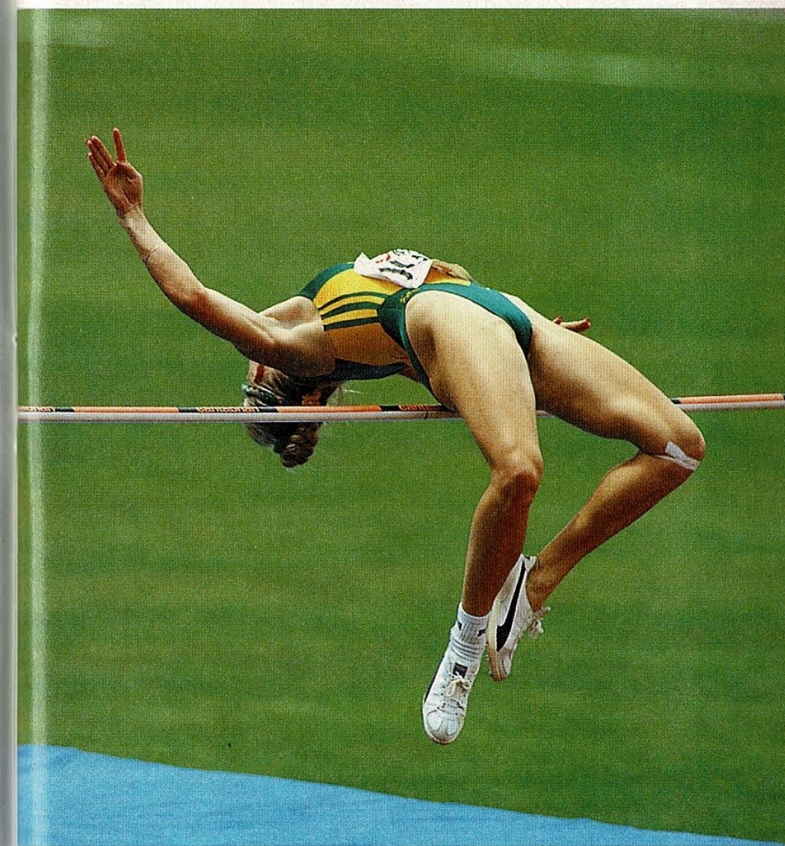
Warhol's 15 minutes of fame may not be enough.

BY RICHARD MCKINNON





Photos courtesy Live Action



GOLDEN GIRL

Up close, Jane Flemming isn't your average pin-up. Like everyone who meets her, you check her out. She's got grey eyes (changeable), shortish legs, small bust, bigger-than-average backside, slightly wonky face and splayed feet.

Is she pretty?

"No," says her friend, Jenny Talbot, "not conventionally, but she has presence and she's attractive."

You don't want to mess around with Flemming — she's built up her deltoids, which means that her shoulders have muscles. She's hard all over with little balls of sinew. Nothing wobbles. That

comes from hours of gym work. She likes all that. And she knows the difference between reality and image.

Today, in her training singlet and blue cut-off denim shorts, she looks like your little sister. Weeks later, at a formal Olympic movement breakfast, she's in a simple, white shift dress with blue trim. The look is understated, but she attracts attention. As always.

But it's down at the track that she turns on the purest, high-octane sex appeal. She stretches out in her lycra gear with the bits cut out, and the costume is pulled tight over her hard body. There's enough power there to fuel athletic jealousy and bitchiness all round.

She fences around the subject: "I

don't think that it's wrong for athletes to draw attention to their sport, to help create a profile that might make more people interested in it in the long run. And besides, that stuff is comfortable."

Jenny Talbot says in explanation: "I think she thinks that while she's always had the ability to win, there's some glamor to that, and she can show that. And now she is fully focussed on athletics, with lots of other commitments to sponsors and endorsements. She wants to give them good value, which means looking good."

Maybe it's also a part of Flemming's psychological make-up, an important tool in her athletic warfare. "Before any competition day I wash my hair, do the nails, shave the legs, do the make-up and

everything to be absolutely full-on when I go in to compete."

And so the whole "look" has become part of the Flemming profile. She knows it. "Yep, it has helped. But you look at any of the men who've done well with sponsorship. It's because of the Aussie look and I think I've got that. Sure."

Of course, many of her less-talented rivals, in athletics and outside, claim she's a show-pony, usually with some venom. It's her image that they resent. They don't see the world-rated times she has generated. So she doesn't give a damn what they think. Ever.

Flemming is a competition junkie. She will play anything — Pictionary, canasta, Trivial Pursuit — for hours. But there

GOLDEN GIRL

always has to be something riding on the outcome. She's been serious about athletics since she was a little girl in Melbourne.

"She was very gifted as a little athlete, even at seven or eight," Jenny Talbot says, "and she always wanted to succeed. She's always wanted to be an achiever. Athletics was one way forward. But the thing about Jane is that while quite a few people are naturally talented, she's also motivated to do well. When I first met her she was running around doing seven events in one day. Nothing could stand in her way."

So Flemming slowly worked her way up until she was in a position to strike for the big time. She moved to Canberra when she was 19 because that's where the Australian Institute of Sport was and that's where her best chance of success seemed to be. She's been there ever since, slowly getting better to the point where she is now a full-time athlete. About four years ago she moved in with her boyfriend, Matt. They now live at the AIS. But nothing has changed Flemming. She's an athlete right down to her running shoes.

"I like the training," she says. "I like to beat things and change things. I couldn't imagine not training every day."

Just before the last Commonwealth Games, something happened which propelled her from the sport pages to the role of underdog triumphant. The Athletics Association excluded her from their team. Flemming first heard the news when a

journalist phoned her coach and asked him how she felt. Standing outside coach Craig Hillard's office at the AIS, bitterness flooded over her and she started to cry. She was so angry that she had trouble speaking.

She decided there and then that she would fight. She would take legal action to get what she believed was her rightful place in the team. She would keep training because she knew that they would eventually have to pick her.

Flemming turned the issue into a high-profile fight for the underdog against the establishment. She claimed that the selectors had overlooked her credentials. Finally one of the women chosen ahead of her fell sick. The selectors relented. Jane was in. She had never had any doubts.

In Auckland she performed her heart out. Suddenly the papers — front and back — were full of her exploits. She won the heptathlon. She won the long-jump. She was the new Australian golden girl.

Australia has always had golden girls, and Flemming fits the bill perfectly. She was a winner, twice. She had been wronged by authority and had managed to turn the tables. She was feisty and articulate. She had stood up for her rights. Perfect!

"We were a little isolated in Auckland and didn't know what was happening back here," she says. But when she got back to Australia, the offers rolled in. She watched with some satisfaction. "I needed a manager just to assess whether all the offers to be my manager were reasonable," she says.

Eventually she picked one. "Max

[Markson] had one big asset," she reflects. "Amongst everything else, he didn't have any other women clients, so that any opportunities he got were certain to come my way."

Soon she was popping up everywhere — TV ads, personal appearances, speeches. She commented for radio. She was asked to read sport for the local TV station in Canberra. Another network asked her to do commentary on athletics at the World Championships. She was asked to be part of the Federal Government's Sportswomen of Excellence Committee. She was hot.

She knocked things back because they were "too time-consuming." Or they involved alcohol or cigarettes, which she won't touch. But she did accept many of the deals that came her way. Mobil, Puma, Ginsana, Piccol Credit Union, the NSW Housing Commission and Ray-Ban all wanted her to front for them.

Says Sandie Guthrie, product manager for Ray-Ban in Australia: "Jane is so professional. It's such a demanding area and she is so successful already. Despite what she's achieved already, there's no arrogance. We've got her under contract until the Olympics and then we'll see what happens. But she has been a really natural, down-to-earth person who openly likes our product."

Articles began to appear saying that Flemming was set to make big bucks after the big-time. They kept talking about the money that she would — and will — make if she wins Olympic gold. One report estimated that a million bucks would arrive at her door if she had a gold medal around her neck. Flemming was contemptuous of that piece: "I wasn't going to do it and I wasn't interested in talking to [the reporter] but he was going to do the piece anyway, so I just had to go along with it," she sniffs irritably.

But all the clippings — Jane in running gear, at the car races, at celebrity dolly-ups, in ads — miss something, despite her being an industry in the making.

"I don't like the idea of people thinking that I'm only out there doing athletics for the money. To have an Olympic gold medal around my neck, I would give back every cent I've ever earned."

What she wouldn't give back is what she's in it for — success. "Sport, to me, is character-developing. You have to set goals, you have to hang in there to achieve them, there has to be dedication and discipline. I've done all that. Now I want that last step."

When Marjorie Strickland and Betty Cuthbert were golden girls, it was a different era, one where a medal was important but meant nothing financially. Now it does. What Flemming has done is position herself. Win, and it will all come together.

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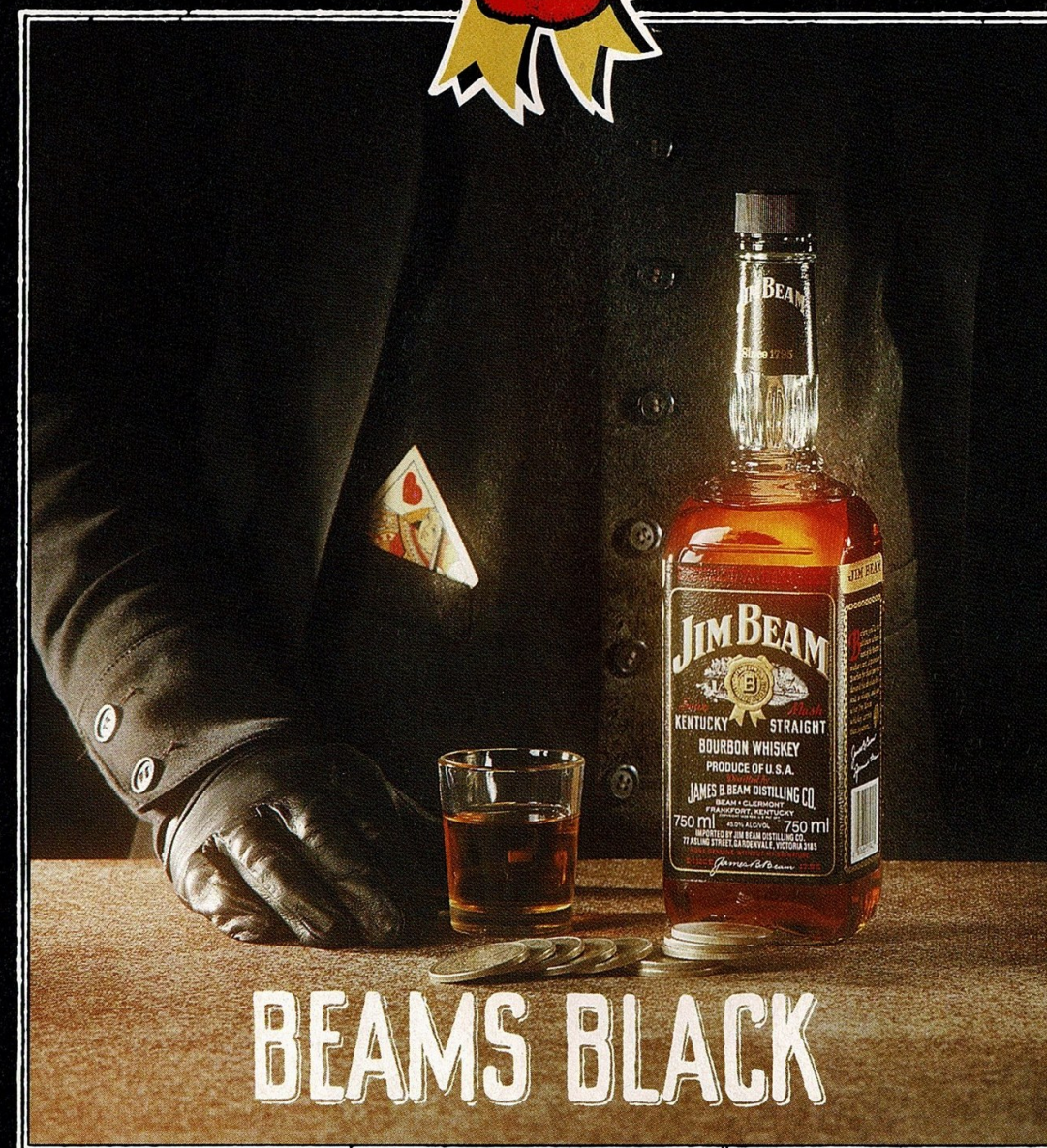
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Love Garden

Sometimes the long periods waiting for John became too much for Heather to bear, and by the time her new lover returned from the gym, she would be semi-naked and totally ready for him. Life got lonely in that big house and John filled a space.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL







John came into Heather's life when he answered an advertisement to mow her lawns. Heather, a 26-year-old investment analyst with a merchant bank, knew what she had been missing the moment she saw the rough-hewn laborer: a real man!





ILLUSTRATION BY ERICK LÖBBECKE
HUMOR BY JEAN NORMAN

Is there one in your life?

Every bloke has a bitch in his life. Whether it's his bank manager, wife's best friend or Attila the girlfriend, few strong, successful or seductive women in his life have not, on at least one occasion, earned the "Bitch" epithet.

Officially of course, "bitch" refers to a female dog but it was the 1933 *Oxford Dictionary* that was one of the first to admit that a bitch was also a "lewd, slanderous woman." Despite the dictionary definition, there's something about a bitch that men love.

BITCHES

Feminist aficionados tell us that Bitch-Goddess worship is enjoying a modern revival and that The Bitch is back. But like the fashion for big breasts, she never really went away.

So, is there a bitch in your life? And how do you know if she's an amateur or a professional — a harmless nagger or a genuine Queen Bitch?

Certain characteristics separate the bona-fide bitch from her bovine sisters:

SENSITIVITY: The phrase "insensitive bitch" is a misnomer as the bitch proper is exquisitely sensitive — to the softest slight against her. A slackening of your attention towards her is an unpardonable slight in the bitch's book — worthy of the most hideous retaliation.

You kissed her sister on New Year's Eve? She'll have seduced your best mate by Valentine's Day. Bona-fide bitches are sensitive to how others, such as your co-workers, feel about you. If her bitchery is peaking she'll mention that she can sense the receptionist thinks you're a fuckwit with no real authority.

A Queen Bitch knows how to make it hurt and how never to prick the wax doll twice in the same spot.

PRESENCE: When someone hisses "bitch" at a girl they're affirming her charisma, admitting that she has succeeded in impacting hard upon that person's pathetic little life and affirming that she is a "real woman." Bitchery is an expression of feminine machismo.

DISCIPLINE: When the bitch-venom flows upward to the Queen Bitch's brain she will not necessarily make a scene right there and then. She might not look her best, or there mightn't be a suitable audience in front of which to humiliate you. The bitch will have enough discipline to save the venom for later. If your girl picks a fight and she is not in full battle make-up, then she is not a bona-fide bitch. The Queen Bitch shuns directionless nagging and vague, malignant spite in favor of the coup de grace executed in front of your peer group or perhaps when you're cold, hungry and looking disgusting while she is able to stalk around like Joan Crawford on steroids.

DENIAL: The bitch will always deny her canine leanings. She only acts bitchy because you are such a bastard. Her bitchiness dates back to the first night you and her bonked. You bring it out of her. Before you she was a real little sweetheart. Just ask any of her ex-boyfriends. A professional-league bitch will be utterly horrified should you actually refer to her as one. "Moi?"

Beware the brand of bitch that beckons you. Some are nastier than others. They range from misogynist bitch to the lesser snarky office bitch. Here is the guide to some of the more common sub-categories of the species:



ATTILA THE GIRLFRIEND

Or wife, or whatever. Basically this bitch would prefer to consume her male prey post-coitally — praying-mantis style. Doggedly determined that you should never again touch/look at/think about another woman in your life, this bitch has amassed finely-honed bedroom skills, psychic powers and a working knowledge of voodoo.

Attila likes to hold a man's self-esteem neatly in the palm of her manicured paw so that just one little squeeze is sufficient to undo his confidence. She is seemingly liberal about separate socialising, but, really, she resents it like hell. Go out on your own and you will suffer! Just try it. Try bouncing out of the door cheerily waving your car keys and having the nerve to look contented as you actually depart her company. Wait for the double-whammy hex she dumps on you. Your car will mysteriously acquire deep, irreparable scratches. Sky Channel will short circuit at the pub and you'll drop your wallet into a stormwater drain.

As you lurk around miserably wondering what Attila is doing, defiantly determined to stay out until at least past midnight, she will probably be having a grand-slam retaliation night out with the ex-lover — still in love with her (they all still are) — who, she lies, rang her up just as you left *without* her.

Despite being modernly dismissive of any jealousy from your side of the cage, Attila will stiffen like a serpent surprised in sleep at the unwelcome sight of any competition. A car? A female child? A female budgie you seem to have taken an undue fancy to?

Attila the girlfriend can either create an immediate, stupendous scene over any of these provocations, or she can let the venom seep out slowly over the next moon cycle.



THE MISANDRIST BITCH

You won't find the term "misandrist" in many dictionaries, although it's the correct term for a person who hates men. They haven't received as bad a press as misogynists, who despise women, but misandrists operate with the same hatred. The Misandrist Bitch may keep a boyfriend around on standby, but she feels that she could do a hell of a lot better *and* that the poor sap ought to be aware of this. So subtly will the victim be made aware of his shortcomings that his ego will erode away gradually and he will still have no idea that it was the Misandrist Bitch who caused his new-found instability.

An easy way to distinguish this most rotten sub-species of the genus bitch from the others is to observe her behavior with you in public. Where Attila will lie to bolster your image as a Man-God to new acquaintances, the Misandrist Bitch will indulge herself in public hen-pecking or, more appropriately, pussy-whipping.

She'll contradict your anecdotes with comments like: "No, darling, there was only one of them and he was smaller than you and crippled." She'll tell stories with you as the fall guy, butt of the joke and punch-line. She'll openly flirt with other men in your presence, but show an obvious disgust for sex with *you*. She'll use a prop like feminism to excuse her distaste for certain acts, as in "I think fellatio oppresses women", and to convey the impression that a bout of bonking is a less glamorous extension of her aerobics session.

Misandrists prefer the company of fellow man-loathers to that of The Enemy and often sit around in cafes comparing the wimps in their lives, and the bastards they have known. They thrive on bitch jokes:

Q: What's the difference between a man and a toilet?

A: A toilet doesn't follow you around for three months after you've used it.

Q: How do you piss your boyfriend off while you're having sex?

A: Ring him up.



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THE OFFICE BITCH

As far removed from the Great Bitch species as the moggy is from the female jaguar, the Office Bitch is nevertheless dangerous and an excellent argument for women being banned from the workplace.

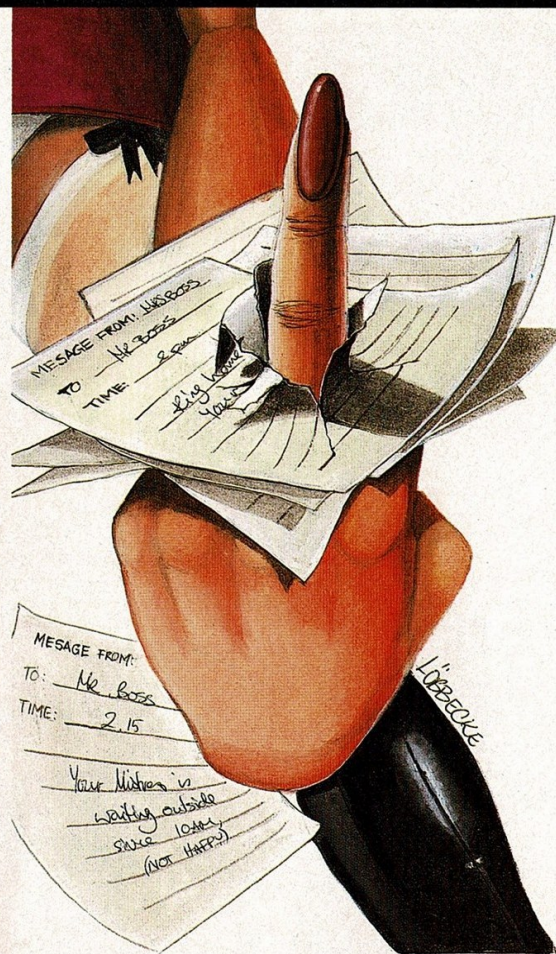
The OB often prides herself on being the only person in the office who really knows "what's what" and can display impressive clairvoyant abilities. Even if you arrive back at work from the north-west and come up through the basement while your illicit lover turns up two hours later from the opposite direction, the OB knows what you are up to.

She'll have one standard for providing a sympathetic shoulder (padded and power-perfumed like her Jackie Collins heroines) for employees stupid enough to sob out some sordid plight to her, and another elevated moral standard for zealously relating the incident back to colleagues later.

Rarely skipping the opportunity to undermine those who she deems threats (everybody), she has the knack of neglecting to pass certain messages on to you while loudly announcing others. If a debt collector rings wanting to know when he can repossess the stereo, then the whole floor will hear about it. If your girlfriend rings and says if you really love her you'd better call back right now before she gets on the plane, then you'll never get the message.

Note how the atmosphere in the workplace visibly relaxes when the OB is absent: people's posture improves, fine lines on their faces soften and everyone's eyes glow with well-being.

Never show open contempt for the OB as any sign of disdain can lead to Office Armageddon. And don't act as if you find her sexually unappealing, as one of the OB's fondest fantasies is that all her colleagues are dying to fuck her.



THE MISOGYNIST BITCH

This is the variety of bitch most likely to have her guts hated by other women — the bitch most coveted by men and the girl most prone to sparking disgusting domestic scenes at parties. For instance:

HIM: I don't know what you're banging on about. She seemed perfectly nice.

HER: (Preparing to storm off.) How could you? She was all over you and totally ignored me except to be catty. I hate you. Go off with her, then!

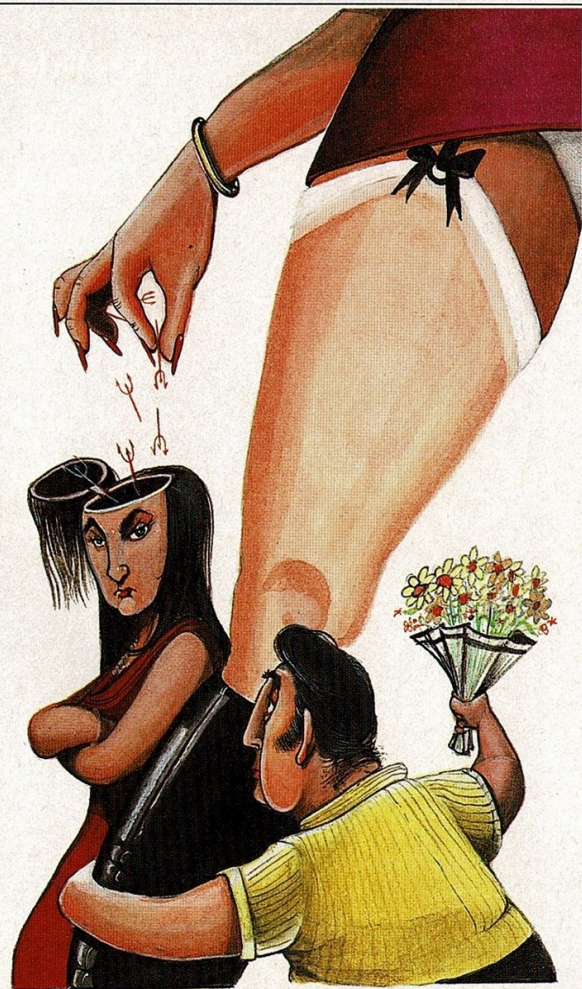
While she may cart along an ugly best friend as a foil for her beauty, the Misogynist Bitch abhors all females of any species from the age of 0 upwards. That includes her own mother (often also an MB) and any sisters unlucky enough to have been born into her family.

As a man you may find her charming, particularly if she has targeted you. But responding to her wiles can be as smart as letting Lucretia Borgia mix the cocktails. She loves undermining her fellow gender and can be seen cheerily chalking up another victory milliseconds before your enraged girlfriend claws out either your eyes or your balls.

The years the Misogynist Bitch subtracts from her age are not lost — they're added to those of other women.

This is the sort of interfering bitch who tells other women things "for their own good." She hates seeing other girls having happy relationships, so she'll often sow little seeds of doubt to try to spoil things. The woman in the corner hissing to her "friend" to "leave the bastard — he treats you like dirt" is usually a Misogynist Bitch.

Or perhaps the Office Bitch on her lunchbreak. Sigh . . . if your woman ain't a bitch, then her best friend is. Times change, but bitches are perennial.



Madonna



True Blue

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRUCE COULTER

Madonna De Winter is a true-blue, get-up-and-go Queenslander. She was born in Brisbane, has lived there all her life, and is presently working as a secretary on the Gold Coast. Never one to be idle — she easily becomes bored — Madonna, 36-24-33, has been modelling since she was ten, has studied French, German and Japanese, is an avid reader of novels (especially Sydney Sheldon) and poetry. "A bit of a romantic, you might say," she laughs.



Madonna, 21, has five brothers, and she's the only girl. Fortunately for her she's a Scorpio and not only can she hold her own in company, she loves going out and getting to know people. "I'd like to work on something like Candid Camera. I'm not at all shy. In fact, I'm a real joker." She also loves the beach. "I love anything outdoors. I've tried my brother's jetski, I've gone waterskiing, even parachuting. I'll try anything once."



Madonna's considering the possibility of an acting career, and maybe moving to Sydney. Ideally, she'd like to travel to the US and to "places like the Greek Islands." And men? "I suppose looks do matter," she muses, "but personality and attitude matter most. I like guys who can make me laugh and who are adventurous and active. And tall!"







Thai holding cells are not pleasant. On average, they are 10 metres square and hold 15 inmates. There are no bunks, no tables, no chairs and no blankets. The rough, wooden floor is stained with urine, blood and faeces. Any new inmate — especially if he is European — is relegated to sleep next to the putrid hole in the floor which functions as a toilet.

Paul lay next to the toilet hole, watching the junkie inmates sharpen their only needle on a matchbox. Paul was 21; if all went well, he'd be 29 when he next saw Australia. His crime: possession of a trafficable amount of heroin. Ironically, for two years previously, Paul had indeed been trafficking — but not drugs. He'd been an accomplished smuggler of a far more accessible, far less dangerous commodity than heroin — gold.

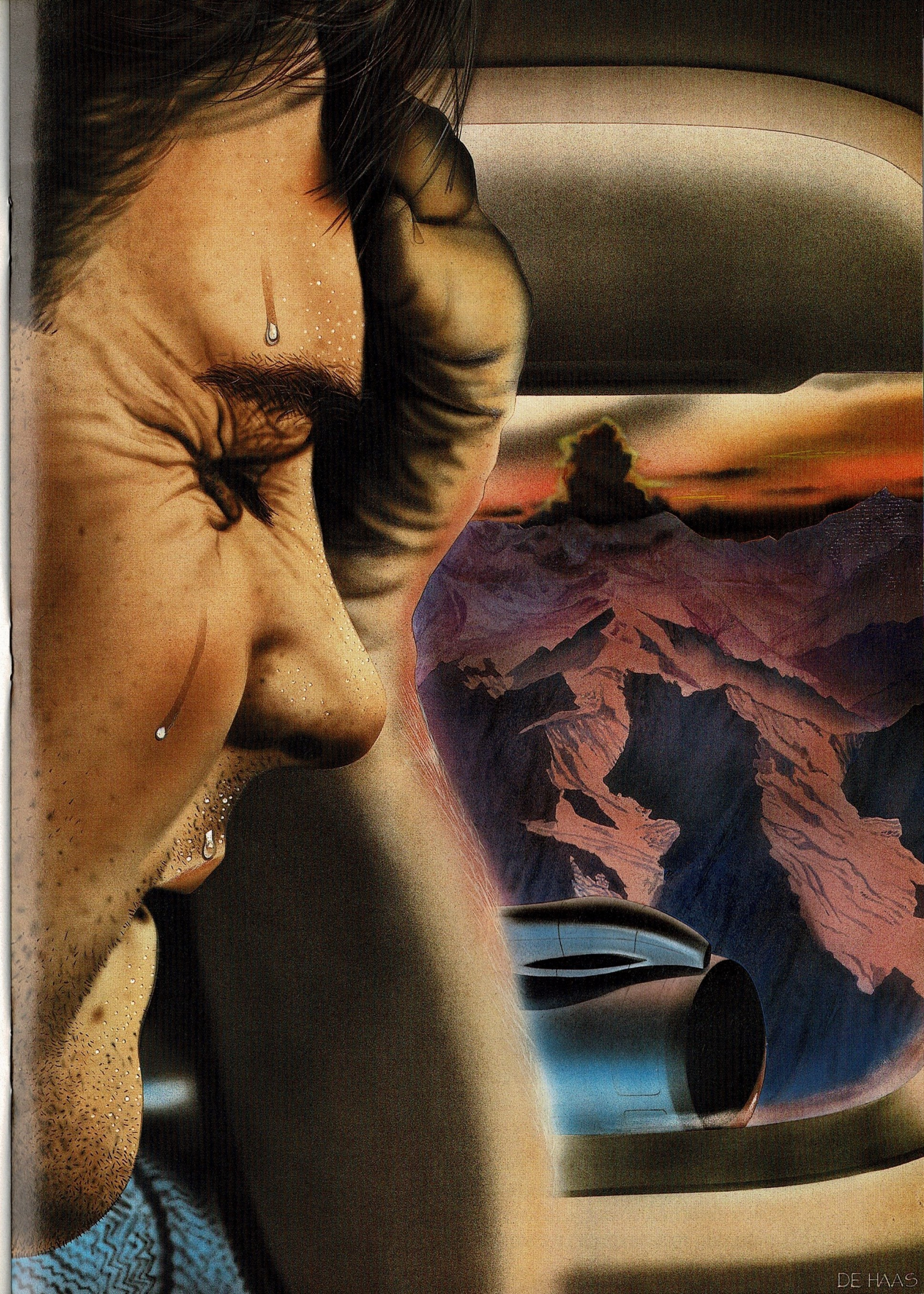
Paul began his two-year odyssey through the unsavory world of smuggling in Hong Kong. He was travelling the world after school and, as many backpackers do, he ended up at Chung King Mansions; a

HEAVY METAL

BY TODD COLE

ILLUSTRATION BY HANS DE HAAS

**How would you like to be
landing at Kathmandu airport
with 2.2 kilos of contraband
gold up your date?**



METAL

spacious — although far from luxurious — guest house in Hong Kong's inner suburbs.

At 19, after a year of travelling, Paul had completely run out of money. After losing his bag on the flight to Hong Kong, he thought he had no option but to contact his parents and ask them to arrange a flight home. Then a young German girl explained the simplicity of the gold smuggling rort. Her casual, enthusiastic attitude induced Paul to accept the offer. He was told to go upstairs and see one of the Menangese — Menang is a small province in Nepal. The Menangese are to the Nepalese what the Sicilians are to the Italians.

Paul approached the Menangese casually. It all sounded simple enough: carry three pieces of gold (each the size of a "D cell" battery) from Hong Kong to Nepal; in return, Paul would receive a free flight, accommodation and anywhere between \$US600 and \$US1000, depending on gold's current market value.

Paul agreed. However, a problem cropped up. Days before he was due to leave on his inaugural smuggling trip, a series of successful seizures by Nepalese customs prompted the Menangese to change their tactics. They

decided the gold could no longer be carried in torches and ghetto-blasters as was the habit of the previous couriers, or "mules." Instead, the gold had to be carried internally — up one's rectum.

Despite its repugnant connotations it was not that difficult. By enlisting the help

6
The Menangese
are to the
Nepalese what
the Sicilians
are to the
Italians. . .

of some Vaseline, Paul managed to figure out a quick method of insertion. He was told, by his fellow mules, that the customs and immigration ordeal took an hour, at the most. Then he would be rid of the contraband, and in possession of \$US1000. It sounded simple.

Paul boarded the plane escorted by a

Menangi, who remained in possession of the gold until just before landing. Paul was nervous, but not overly so, because around him he could see other mules joking and laughing. The seat-belt sign began to flash as the plane descended through the majesty of the Himalayas. Surreptitiously, Paul's minder handed him the gold and instructed him to go to the toilet and insert it.

Once the deed was done, Paul returned to his seat. Apparently, the size of the gold does not cause discomfort. However, the force of 2.2kg of gold straining and pulling your intestine with every subtle movement of the aircraft is tortuous.

As the plane pitched and yawed on final approach, the gold, following inertia, dragged up and down, causing Paul to sweat heavily. Then, with a heavy, painful thud, the aircraft touched down. Unlike most airports, Kathmandu airport requires passengers to walk 200 metres to customs and immigration. With each successive step, Paul's sweating increased, partly through pain and partly through nerves. His minder followed at an inconspicuous distance.

Being a novice, Paul had neglected to rid himself of foreign currency. This meant an agonising 20-minute delay on top of the ritual of customs and immigration. Although mid-winter, sweat flowed freely from Paul's forehead. At the customs

desk, the officer gave Paul's passport a cursory glance. It was Paul's first visit, so, with an air of contempt, the officer waved him through without even checking his bag. By the time Paul had made it through the immigration procedure, the agony had almost become unbearable; yet he knew he was safe.

As instructed, he walked from the airport and hailed a taxi. Once inside the hotel he quickly deposited the gold on the bathroom floor and sat contemplating what to do with his \$1000. Minutes later two Menangese arrived and demanded the gold, which Paul gladly gave over. Paul was paid and spent the next few days partying with his fellow mules. A thousand dollars would last a lifetime in Kathmandu. But Paul became greedy.

Paul's next trip went even more smoothly than the first. This time he obtained the immigration forms and filled them out prior to landing. He also rid himself of all foreign currency to speed up the process. It was, like the German girl told him initially, quick, simple and profitable.

Over his subsequent trips Paul began to understand how the operation worked. Nepal and India have long been reputed to be countries which have a penchant for precious metals; yet there is detailed control exercised over the acquisition, possession, manufacture and disposal of gold through the Administration of Gold

Act. More importantly, there is a ban on private possession of primary gold, though no ban exists for finished articles of gold. There was demand. Therefore there would be supply.

The Menangese would buy gold at the market rate in Hong Kong, say \$300 an

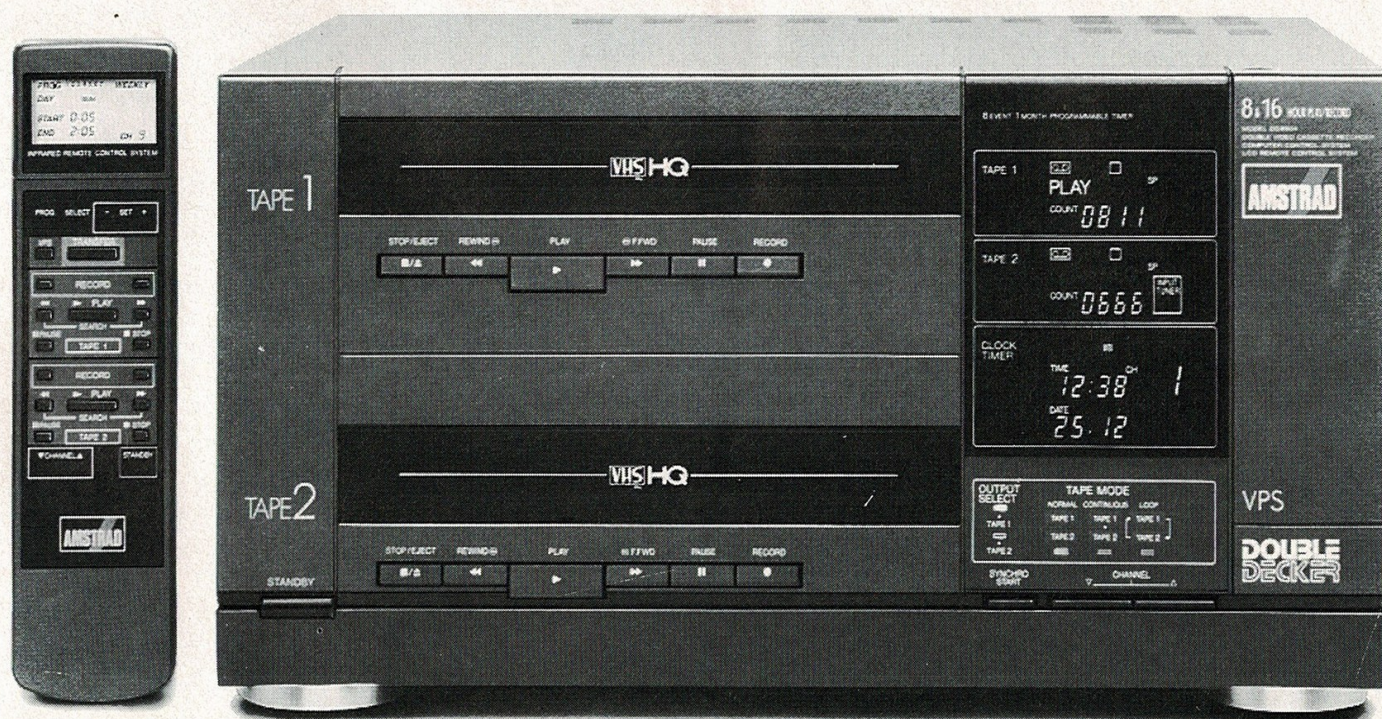
6
By the time
Paul had made
it through
immigration,
the agony was
unbearable. . .

ounce, smuggle it into Nepal and sell it to buyers for \$600 an ounce. The Menangese would be paid in rupees. So they would take the rupees and sell them to the black marketeers — for a slight loss — and receive US dollars. The black marketeers would, in turn, sell the rupees to the incoming tourists. The Menangese,

now in possession of American dollars, would then return to Hong Kong and begin the cycle again. In short, the entire process, after expenses, would net the operators a little less than 100 percent of their original outlay. So for a single ounce they would make about \$275. A pittance really, considering the risk, but multiply that by 70 (Paul would carry 2.2 kg, which equals 70 ounces approximately). Then multiply that by the number of mules, sometimes ten on your average flight, and you have close to \$200,000 per flight. It was, in the words of Oliver North, "a neat little trick."

As Paul approached Kathmandu on his critical seventh trip (too many trips for a tourist, and not enough for a businessman) he heard a distressing rumor. Paul was told the Nepalese had acquired a metal detector, although his informant was unsure whether it was a ferrous or non-ferrous metal detector (a non-ferrous detector will detect gold). He approached the customs desk in his usual manner: well-dressed, confident, courteous and with 2.2kg of gold in his arse. As the customs officer began searching Paul's only bag, another officer motioned for Paul to follow him into a small cubicle. Paul arrogantly complied. Inside the tiny room the officer produced a metal detector, similar to the ones used by beachcombers. He moved the detector around Paul's body and stopped on his

▶▶ SO ADVANCED IT



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LEGAL WARNING: TELEVISION BROADCASTS AND PRERECORDED VIDEO TAPES CONTAIN MATERIAL WHICH IS

METAL

stomach. The machine let out a tiny, telltale buzz.

"You got, you got inside," the officer accused. Paul suspected the machine was a ferrous metal detector, so he stayed quiet. The officer quickly moved the detector to Paul's arse, and again, the machine buzzed. This time, however, Paul noticed the officer press a button on the side of the handle. In a fit of nervous indignation, Paul pried the detector away from the small man, pointed it at the customs officer's chest and pressed the button. The machine buzzed.

"You got inside!" Paul repeated angrily to the officer.

"You take out," the officer commanded as he began to undo Paul's belt. Paul, aware that the ordeal was a bluff, put on the front of an insulted businessman. He slapped the officer's hands away. "You get your fucking captain, I want to see your captain." The officer recoiled. "I bring business into your country. I'm a businessman. Get your captain here right now!"

The officer sheepishly withdrew from the cubicle and returned with his superior. Paul continued the irate facade to the captain, who, after many apologies and a feigned reprimand to the officer, escorted Paul from customs to an awaiting taxi. The

officer politely held the door open as Paul, and the gold, entered the taxi.

In the later stages of Paul's career, the Nepalese authorities began to employ simpler, far more effective methods of detecting gold smugglers. The most successful of these methods required the

“
Paul's friend
did a very
expensive
shit in the
communal
trough...
”

suspected smuggler to stand on a chair and jump off. Without fail, the smuggler refused to jump. The reason: 2.2kg of gold does not wish to stop travelling when the suspect hits the ground. And what's more, the pain would be excruciating. So, when the suspect refused to jump, he, or she, was subjected to an internal search

and inevitably the gold was discovered.

This happened to a female friend of Paul's. When asked to jump off the chair she refused. Two male customs officers took her to a small room, stripped her and demanded she squat. Naturally, in a low squat, one piece of gold up ended itself and fell to the floor with a loud, incriminating thud. Paul's friend immediately stood up, still with two pieces of gold up her arse, and pleaded guilty. The customs officers took this as all she had and promptly escorted her to jail.

It was common knowledge among the couriers that if discovered, hold on to as much as possible. Primarily, because when the Menangese discovered all had not been confiscated, — which they invariably did — they would set about bribing officials to free their gold.

Paul's friend followed this advice. However in the crowded, squalid confines of the Nepalese jail, the situation took a turn for the worse. While the Menangese went through the process of bribing the appropriate officials, Paul's friend did a very expensive shit in the communal trough. Upon her release, a few days later, she claimed both pieces had rolled down the trough into the Nepalese sewerage system. Naturally the Menangese didn't believe her. When she limped back into Paul's hotel later that

Continued on page 91

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PET OF THE YEAR 1992

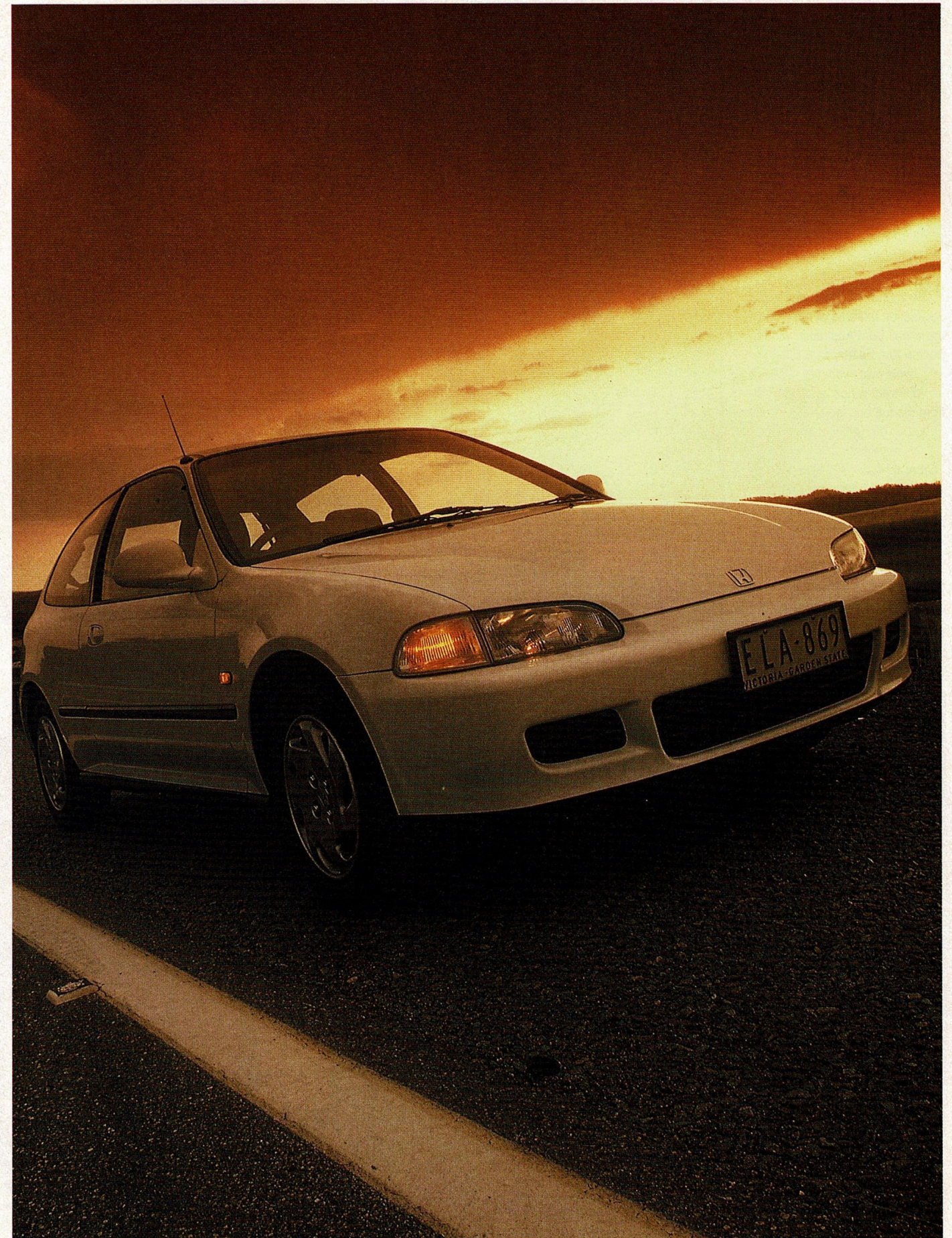


Here she is, everybody—the 1992 *Australian Penthouse* Pet Of The Year. She's the dazzling Sue-Ellen Underwood, who first appeared in *Penthouse* as the 1991 April Pet Of The Month. The reaction from readers to that first pictorial was overwhelming. And in the voting for this year's Pet Of The Year, the response left us in no doubt as to who our winner would be. And if Susie was hot when she first graced our pages, she's a whole lot hotter now. A confident, high-profile model who has worked around Australia and overseas, Susie's a well-known face around her home territory — Queensland's Gold Coast.

Susie is a Queenslander to the core. Born in Brisbane, she's lived in the far north and around the Gold Coast all her life. And she plans to stay there. It gives her the best of both worlds, she says — sun and surf on one hand, and a great nightlife on the other. Queensland has given her more than that, now. Although votes for Susie flooded in from around Australia, it was a definitive Queensland vote that gave her the top spot. Her issue — April 1991 — was the highest-selling of the year, too, so we reckon she's earned her crown. As the 1992 Pet Of The Year, Susie wins \$75,000 worth of fantastic prizes, which are detailed on the following pages, along with more terrific pics.

This year, too, we've decided to elect an official Runner-up. She's a Sydneysider, she's well-known to our readers and she, too, has proved a popular Pet. To find out who she is, turn to page 82.

SUE~ELLEN



For our Pet Of The Year, a fashion statement on wheels. Honda's new Civic hatchback is distinctively styled with eye-catching, smooth lines, but its beauty is much more than skin deep. Under the GL model's bonnet is a responsive 1.5-litre, 16-valve engine which delivers rapid but smooth acceleration and an indecently fast top speed. This is complemented by a five-speed manual transmission, front-wheel drive and double-wishbone suspension. Features include full instrumentation, power mirrors and windows, AM/FM stereo cassette player, remote hatch and fuel flap releases and central locking. Worth \$17,000 on the road, this prize, from Honda Cars Australia, will make sure Sue-Ellen travels in style.

The winner this year receives a collection of some of the world's top wines from Australian winery, Rosemount Estate. Sue-Ellen will walk away with ten cases of different wines, worth \$1840, from the famous label. The cases of 1990 vintage include champagne, chardonnay, cabernet sauvignon, beaujolais, fume blanc and traminer riesling. There is also a case each of Show Reserve cabernet sauvignon and Show Reserve syrah. Rosemount Estate wines were the only Australian wines to be included in the 1991 Top 100 Wines list produced by American wine magazine *Wine Spectator*.

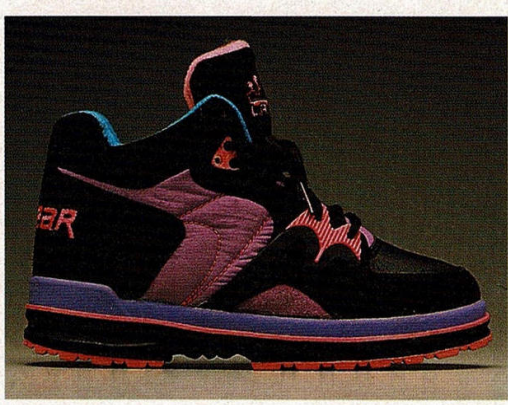
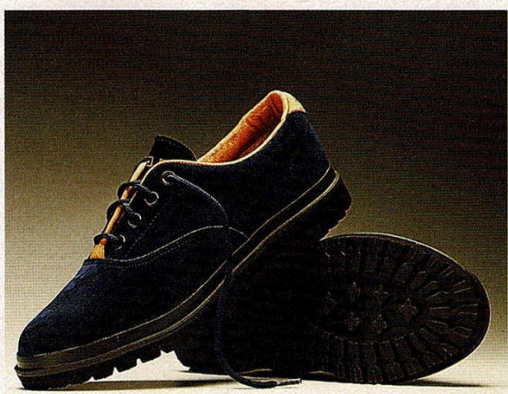


From Suzuki, a fabulous prize for Sue-Ellen: the stylish AE50 scooter. The fashionable scooter's two-stroke, air-cooled engine and V-belt transmission delivers zippy acceleration to the lightweight, compact body. The AE50's economic performance and elegant style make it the ultimate machine for the city. Its on-the-road value is \$1850, and will give our Pet Of The Year plenty of smooth rides.

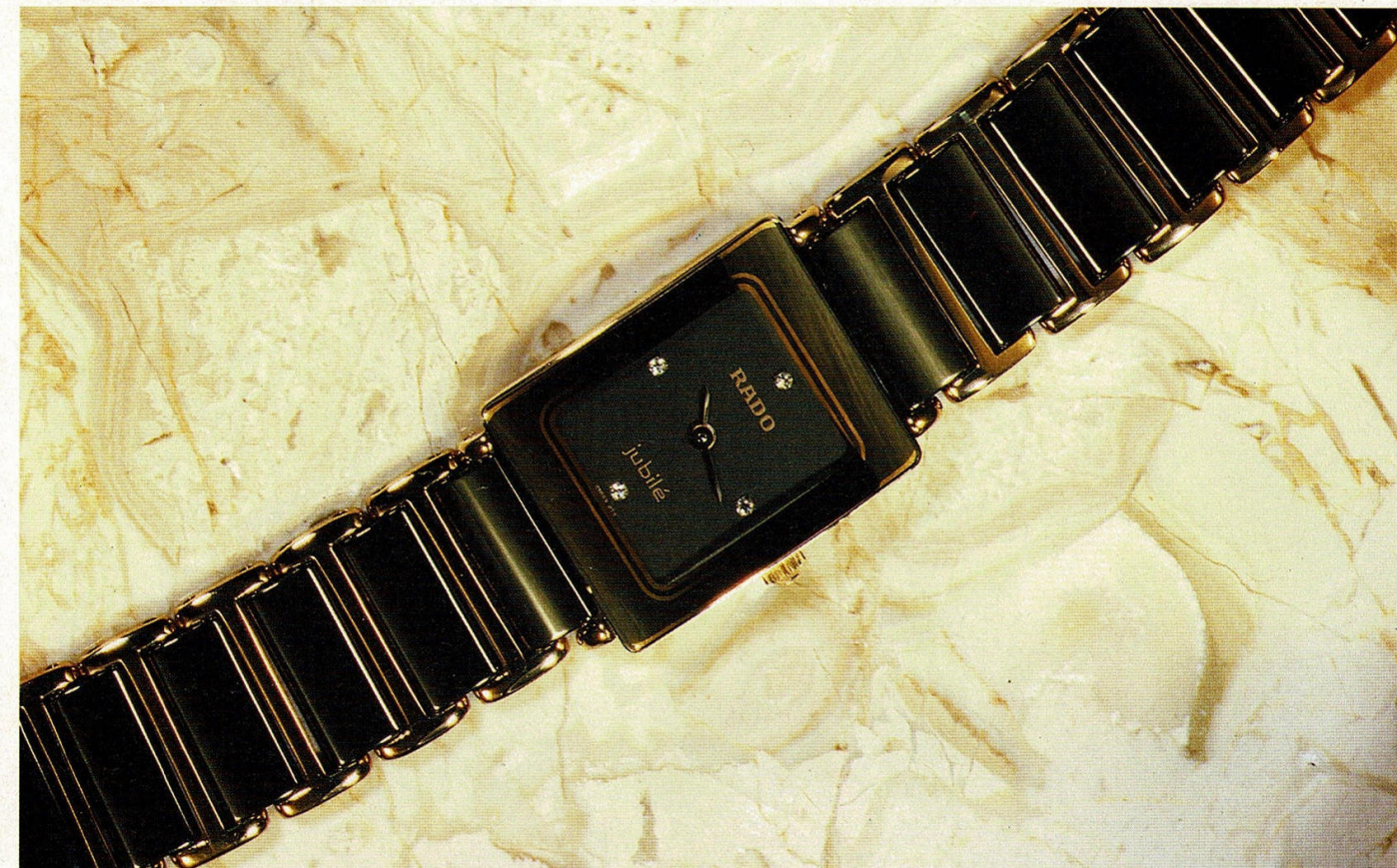


From Concept Audio comes the finest in high-fidelity sound. This year our Pet Of The Year wins the fantastic Creek Audio systems package, comprised of the CD60 remote-controlled compact disc player, the exceptional CAS4040 integrated amplifier, the T40 FM tuner and the famous CLS60 loudspeakers. The technical mastery is complemented by the stylish Standesign, which houses the system. Valued at \$5500, Concept Audio will keep Sue-Ellen thoroughly entertained.

The fastest-growing athletic footwear company in the world is decking out Susie and Danielle in more than \$2600 worth of LA Gear shoes and Spank Activewear. The company that dresses Paula Abdul and Joe Montana is making sure Susie looks good with an \$1800 package that includes the ladies' anti-fatigue rebound mechanism training shoe, the ladies' street hiking shoe, a range of Spank Activewear and accessories. Danielle receives more than \$800 worth of sports, athletic and lifestyle apparel and footwear.



From Canon, masters of photographic technology, Sue-Ellen will receive the new Canon Epoca, a futuristic, superbly designed camera worth \$600. The camera is designed around a 35-105mm zoom lens. Innovative features include a flash unit which zooms with the lens and which has a pre-illumination mode to get rid of red-eye effect. Exposure control, auto-focusing, simple film loading and easy handling make this camera a world leader in the field of SLR technology.



A watch from the future for Sue-Ellen will be the sleek Rado DiaStar Integra, worth \$2500. The watch, created from hi-tech, aerospace ceramics, is curved to fit the wrist and has a scratchproof sapphire crystal protecting the face. Four diamonds add sparkle to a beautifully elegant design, while the watch is also practical, being waterproof to 30m.



Each year, the traditional prize for The Pet Of The Year is an exquisite Penthouse key. This year Sue-Ellen will receive an 18-carat yellow-gold key decorated with a half-carat diamond on a gold chain. Worth \$7000, this stunning piece is designed and hand-crafted by Gio Va Jewellers of Neutral Bay. For each of the other contestants there will be a nine-carat key worth \$600.

From Philips, a sound system that will be music to Susie's ears. The FW2012 Midi System worth \$960 boasts features that make for easy listening. The remote-controlled, motor-driven volume control, 20-track music memory, introscan and shuffle play on the CD unit means our Pet Of The Year never has to leave her chair. The stylish music machine not only looks good but sounds great too. There are two Dolby B cassette players with continuous play and auto-reverse functions with automatic recording levels. The AM/FM tuner has 30 presets and the seven-digit LCD display means our Pet will always know what station she's tuned into.



From Amstrad, Australia's top-selling supplier of IBM-compatible personal computers, Susie receives a PC designed for high-resolution games as well as serious business programs. The remarkable PC5286 comes complete with 40Mb hard drive, 1.44Mb floppy, mouse, joystick and software. The package is worth \$1999. With exciting games like F-15 Strike Eagle, Battle Chess and powerful hardware like 1Mb of RAM and a 14" VGA monitor, Susie can easily mix business with pleasure.



At Walindi Plantation in exotic New Britain, Sue-Ellen and a friend will spend seven days diving the famed exquisite reefs of Kimbe Bay, swimming with dolphins and pilot whales and enjoying the relaxed hospitality of hosts Max and Cecile Benjamin. Long recognised as one of the world's premier dive resorts, Walindi — with its unique location, friendly atmosphere and native-style bungalows decked in tropical flowers — is a magnet for adventure travellers from all parts of the world. With airfares, dive instruction and all meals included, Susie's Pet Of The Year prize is valued at \$6700, courtesy of Walindi Plantation and Sea New Guinea.



Sue-Ellen will join the exalted company of George Bush, Jack Nicholson and Princess Di when she wears the Ray-Ban sunglasses provided by Bausch & Lomb Australia. Her four pairs of the world's most popular sunnies are valued at more than \$800. They include the gold-plated Thirties model, the Alain Mikli-designed Onyx model, the flashy Wayfarer Streetneats and the tortoiseshell Wayfarer Nomads. All the models feature the G-15 grey lenses, developed in the Thirties for the US Army Air Corps.



A gym membership each for our Pet Of The Year and Runner-up has been arranged by IEP Body Mechanics. Susie receives a year's membership to the Centrepoint Health Club, the leading health club on the Gold Coast, while Danielle receives a year's membership to the Pace Fitness Centre at Bondi Junction, Sydney. Facilities at each gym include aerobics, Lifecycles, Lifesteps, circuit training, full weight gym, sauna, cafe, etc. Plenty of incentive for our Pets to stay in shape.



IEP Body Mechanics has offered two prizes this year. One for the Pet Of The Year and one for the Runner-up. Sue-Ellen will win a Lifecycle Aerobic Trainer model 6500 valued at \$3800 and with a five-year warranty. The Lifecycle is the most advanced exercise bike on the market. It has three computerised workout programs and LED displays of distance travelled and calories burned. Danielle will win a Lifecycle 5500 worth \$2800.



Our Pet Of The Year and Runner-up will receive a gift bag each of Chloe perfumes from Elizabeth Arden. The fragrances are designed by Karl Lagerfeld and cater to the sensuous, wordly, interesting and romantic woman—perfect for our Pets. A blend of precious oils and rare ingredients, the Chloe range boasts a floral note with its combination of ylang-ylang, rosy notes, honeysuckle, jasmine and orange flowers. The Chloe prize package includes soaps, body lotions, deodorant, bath and shower gel, parfum, eau de toilette dusting powders and bags. Sue-Ellen's prize will be worth more than \$700, while Danielle's will be worth more than \$400. Enough to keep them smelling of roses for some time to come.

PET OF THE YEAR 1992

RUNNER UP

Our 1992 Runner-up, Danielle Schneider, has twice appeared as a Pet Of The Month in *Australian Penthouse* — in July 1988, and July 1991. This tall, lithe model came to Australia from Switzerland several years ago, and is happily settled in Sydney. Besides two dynamic appearances in *Penthouse*, Danielle has done plenty of modelling and *Penthouse* promotional work around town. She is also an artist and designer, and she loves the sunny, outdoors Australian lifestyle. A popular Pet, voting for Danielle in our Pet Of The Year competition was strong, and she definitely takes the ticket as our Runner-up. For this, she wins \$8000 worth of terrific prizes, which are detailed on these pages.



As Runner-up, Danielle and a friend will spend a week indulging in the luxurious surrounds of Aanuka Beach Resort, Coffs Harbour. Backed by the majesty of the Great Dividing Range and sitting on the blue waters of the Pacific, the island-like atmosphere is reminiscent of Tahiti or Fiji. The peaceful seclusion of a luxury garden suite with a private spa and sundeck will guarantee Danielle a memorable seven days and nights. With meals and accommodation, the total value of the prize is in excess of \$2300.

LA GEAR



LA GEAR



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As Runner-up, Danielle gets a top-of-the line Spectra Pro instant camera and a bundle of film from Polaroid. Worth \$580, the Spectra Pro is the ultimate in simplicity while producing high-quality pictures. The camera uses a maze of electronic circuitry to make more than 30 exposure and focusing decisions for the photographer in less than a 30th of a second. The various functions can be controlled manually or automatically from the LCD display on the camera's control panel. The whole unit is switched on by opening its collapsible case. The New Spectra film it uses is a refined system giving more vivid colors than ever - all making for some happy snapping.



NIGHTLIFE

melbourne

Being seen is
the scene in
Melbourne's
nightclubs

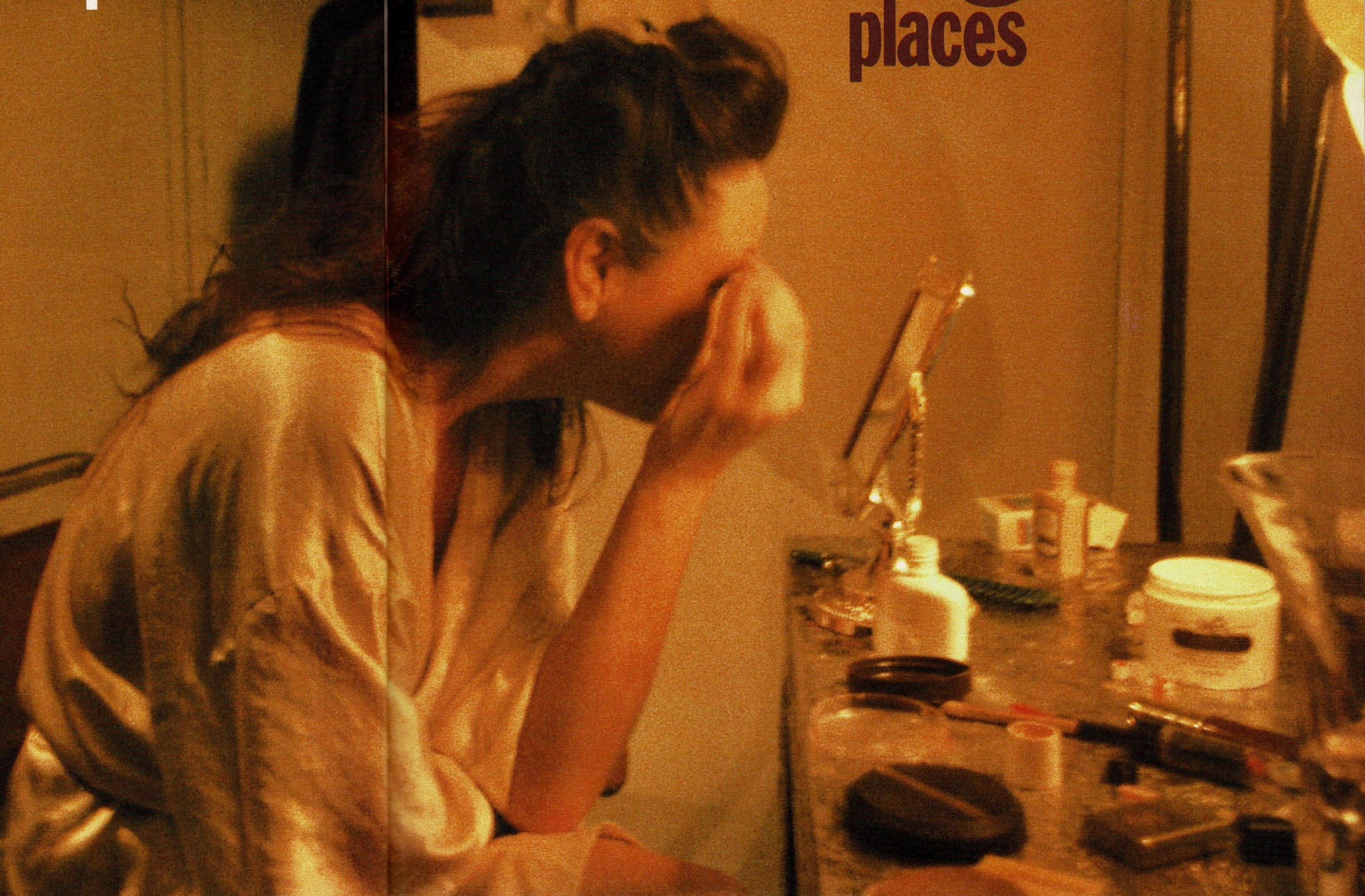
WORDS AND PHOTOS BY
STEVE LEVITT

part 2

Melbourne's late-afternoon sky is the color of a dead TV tube. Near the junction end of St Kilda Road, glass cathedrals give way to rows of run-down office buildings; low-rise, oblong blocks where thrifty urbanites rent office space and build temporary nests.

On the fifth floor of one such building Peta, a self-employed, 22-year-old brunette, has turned the kitchen into her personal sweat shop. For ten hours a day she hunches over a glossy, black Singer sewing machine and tacks away. Slinky things drip from the walls and cupboards, tiny tops, silky underwear —

looking for love in all the night places



looking for love in all the night places

— things which look like Madonna melted over a coat hanger.

It is 6.30pm, Friday. Peta gives up sewing and starts dialling, calling friends. The roll-call falters. Period pain, boyfriend priorities, colds and broken hearts are all excuses for not raging. In the end Peta raises only two; Kim can come because she has just broken up with her boyfriend and needs to get back out "amongst it." Michelle, a 19-year-old stripper, will be late because she has a gig out at Epping and won't be able to get there until the early hours.

You have to keep your options open. In Melbourne there is no one location. No absolute scene. Just a wide variety of water holes where the hunters and the hunted come to sniff each others' spoors. Nightclubs are the shotgun approach to looking for love.

At 9.30, Kim, a 23-year-old student, arrives with her bag of clothes and make-up. A tall, willowy blonde with a small bust and long legs, she has the look of landed money about her, in contrast to Peta who reeks of street wisdom. Both girls are originally from the country, where the bright lights of Melbourne seem like a beacon.

Dinner is pizza and cheap champagne, and they take it slow. Nightclubbing is a question of timing, Peta explains: "You can't look too eager."

The girls relax in the kitchen, sitting cross-legged, smoking the first cigarettes of a chain that will stretch through to morning. Kim says: "It's a jungle out there for the single girl. I've never met any guy I liked at a nightclub."

It is nearly midnight when the last line of make-up is applied. Kim zips Peta into a pair of spray-on hot pants. It's time to decide on a venue.

"What about the Ware House?" Peta asks.

"Too many Wogs. Last time I went my bum was just a mass of bruises."



"Red Heads, then?"

"Red Heads! They all dance like kind of fucked. Nine-to-fivers who think they are king shit."

"Yeah I know, they're all like yuppies from Hell. Let's go anyway. For a laugh, you know. At least we're going to look different."

By 12.30 the girls are pumped up psychologically and with teased hair and high heels stand nearly eight inches taller. The look is all legs, sex and flat stomachs. A prowling taxi is hailed and several minutes later it pulls into the grounds of the South Melbourne Football Club, home of Melbourne's most popular night spot for the well-heeled.

A small neon light bleeds "Red Heads" in the light mist. The queue at the doorway is restless. The power of the door bitches is absolute and condemning.

Fiona Goldsmith is on the door. Inside her father, Brian, runs an eye over the girls. "If they hadn't come

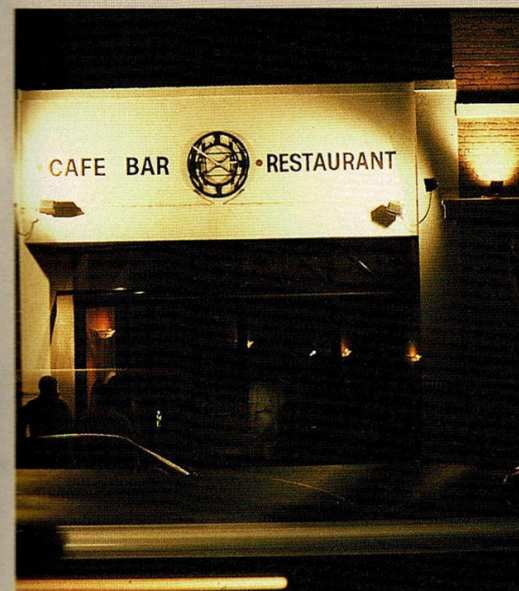
with you we would never have let them in," he says.

The Red Heads atmosphere resembles that of a gentlemen's recreation room. Black-and-white diagonal tiles and red-covered pool tables set the colors. The pool tables are a big part of the club scene in Melbourne. It gives the players an excuse to pose and pretend that they aren't out hunting.

A Friday night crowd will see 1200 people through the nightclub, which can stay open until 7am.

At the bar Peta and Kim, noticeably younger than most of the other girls, are getting the attention they want. Three suits slide by them like dull-colored seagulls, then wheel and attack. They are real-estate agents from New Zealand. Peta gets the bald one and keeps trying to break away, but Kim's happy to stay. Peta hisses loud enough for the suits to hear: "They're real dickheads! Why don't you piss them off?"

**"Nightclubbing is a matter of timing
— you don't want to look too eager. . ."**



Scotch and Coke is the drink of the evening and at five dollars a hit, they go down slowly. Two more suits move in. They're younger and better looking but they're not interested in the girls. "Red Heads guys are so up themselves," Peta says. The drinks are beginning to hit home. Over at the bar the yuppies from Hell are three deep and ordering boutique beers.

Owner Brian Goldsmith is talking in the corner: "We've got lawyers running out of ears — lots of cabin crew, but we don't give carte

blanche to everyone. The art is in trying to weed out the Bogans. We are very classy. We are about understatement."

A group of Sarahs and Kates drifts by. They left their twin sets at home but kept the pearls to show off their cut-down tops and neatly faded jeans. For both males and females, the art is to dress down and leave some subtle sign to say: "Hey, I've got money, I'm just far too cool to show it." It's very, very Melbourne.

The girls have had enough as the

crowd becomes an unbearable crush. Brian runs into Channel Ten sports reader Eddie Maguire, who is trying to slip several mates in the back way. Eddie and friends are allowed through, but an Armani suit who is obviously pissed is left outside screaming insults and abuse after being rejected. The wealthy aren't used to rejection and Bogans aren't always poor.

Senates, on the Nepean highway, is a hybrid of pub and nightclub. It's small and nearly intimate by comparison to the bigger barns like Chasers and Metro. A burly bouncer monitors the glass entrance which leads to a long bar. The look is New York/Italian with tiny drop lights sending minute shafts of light on to a few tables. Black, industrial-looking steel props up pale, scrubbed walls. The architecture appears to have been turned inside out so that all the functional structure shows. Dress is street-cool black. The faces are tough and grey with diagonal lines.

Senates' barmaids are very sexy and bop while pouring drinks. There is something Saigon about their tight black dresses and sprayed-on tops, flashing smiles and backchat for the boys. The barmaids are too much competition for the girls, who dance with each other in a frenzy.

Tolly, the owner, introduces himself. He says he knows everybody in the bar. "The guy over there is a plumber, that bloke is a photographer and the other one is a rag trader. They come here to meet people like themselves." The bar is a male paradise and the girls, sensing the loss of edge, are feeling restless.

looking for love in all the night places

Michelle the stripper arrives around 2am. She is a small, blonde, busty ball of positive energy. She dispenses kisses all round with an apology for being late, but she had to go home to wash the beer and shaving cream out of her hair. Josh, her bouncer boyfriend, has the look of a man pinned by jealousy but too proud to express it. He has been working as security at a hotel function and is "kicking on."

The girls are slurring their words. Michelle and Peta dance wildly and slip to the floor among spilt beer and cigarette butts. Legs in the air, giggling helplessly, Peta is pissed and finally having fun. Kim's accent has broadened. "Australian guys can't dance and the only ones that can are night-club maniacs. Think they're king shits."

Three o'clock and Senates is closing. The girls decide to head for Razors. Razors is what they have been really hanging out for and now they're in the right frame of mind to "really do some damage." But first of all Michelle gets rid of Josh. "He gets jealous and it spoils the evening," she tells the girls. "He calls me 'Miss Slutty Pants' and I guess he's right."

Razors is night-club oblivion. It is also the club where the "stars" go after they have finished their gigs and the last resort for the night-club fetishists and true maniacs. Just being there is like starring in your own underground movie. If you're going to get laid by a rock star, Razors is probably where you would find him, without his girlfriend, at four in the morning. The girls are scanning even as they get out of the cab.

The long, rambling building in Queens Road is impressively large. The club licence was originally set up for the gentlemen of the Light Car Club. The decor is basically unchanged from the Forties. The old gentlemen would no doubt roll over in

their graves if they saw the new members.

The door is opened by a cowboy hat perched on a hank of long black hair. Centred in the middle of the hair are bright red, bow-shaped lips. "Micky" is one of Melbourne's longest serving door bitches with ten years of club clout under her cowboy belt buckle. When she speaks, the words cascade out, like she has an electric ramjet pounding down her spine. Her brown eyes are wide and she has a smile like God's own hood ornament. "Friends and members only. Sign here . . . pay your eight bucks there. Sorry sir, you will have to wait."

The crowd in the lobby resembles the bar scene from Star Wars. Club furniture, old lamps, musty carpets and endless photos of vintage racing cars line the walls. It's as if they've been blown through a time-warp into a futuristic human zoo where shaven-headed couples slip tongues into one another's ears and ruffle their chrome-studded leather jackets. Tough art punks, gay boys, nerds, techno types, Sixties retros, record producers and stoned lovers, all lost in deep currents of conversation, drift up and down the wooden staircase, through the club's five crowded rooms, like space walkers.

The girls weave their way upstairs

into the lounge where an androgynous-looking crowd bunches, splits and comes together again like a giant amoeba. Kim's movements are uncoordinated. Her cigarette floats at the edge of exaggerated gestures, brushing against people, spitting showers of red sparks. Kim spots a tall, blond actor and the girls manoeuvre to stand right behind him with their backs turned. Kim fans her hand to the others as though she is trying to cool herself. "This guy is so hot! He acts in that show, *Chances*."

They turn their heads to see which guy she's talking about. He sees them checking him out, but he's too cool to care. He's getting plenty of attention elsewhere. After 30 minutes with no response the girls face defeat. Their smiles become lips of string where smoke whistles through. They continue to look over their shoulders, but can't raise the courage to approach. Kim is angry. "I heard the way he was talking, he thinks he is king shit."

"No, I think he's gay."

"No, he plays a gay in *Chances*." Whenever the girls lose the place in their conversation, which is happening frequently, they cover the gaps with giggles. More scotches and Coke are called for.

Outside on the terrace the stars are



beginning to fade — hunting time is running out. The girls float down to the smoky dance floor.

A transvestite called Candy staggers into Peta, spilling her drink. The girls stare at Candy with disdain. She's a parody of their own female masks, complete with teased hair, heavy eye-liner, lipstick and stockings.

Peta dances with Michelle. Kim moves up and down the staircase between the floors with a desperate energy. The night is slipping away and the search for the high, wild heart is nearly lost. The thing is not to stay in one place too long. Look stoned but never, never look bored.

No-one is asking for a dance and the girls regroup in the upstairs lounge where a photo of the Queen peers down on the faces of club fetishists who crowd the plush furniture. In one corner a black guy with a south-London accent holds court over a reefer. The smell of dope floats out on to the terrace to mix with the odor of barbecued meat. The girls show no interest in drugs. They stare contemptuously at the crowd of late-night ecstasy heads with their dark-rimmed eyes, peroxided thatches, thick black manes and white faces.

"Losers," mouths Peta.

Walking up the stairway a dancer suddenly flicks her leg perpendicular and drops into the splits. Nothing unusual. Exhibitionism is expected. Some talk it, some walk it.

The club is still crowded at 5.30. The girls mill around and pick their way through the swirl, still checking out boys and avoiding gropes. Their faces are contorted with the alcohol, and the staircase is a dangerous obstacle course. Ankles twist precariously and high heels teeter. The guys hanging round now seem intent on picking off the drunk, female, late-night stragglers. Some subconscious instinct seems to warn the girls, through their fog of alcohol, that this is not a good scene.

The stoned refugees from the lounge watch the sun come up on the balcony, a Razors tradition. The girls stagger out into the street, blinking in the pale-pink Saturday morning.

Back in the flat they fall upon the cold remains of their pizza like wolves. The evening is counted as a loss. They have holes in their expensive black pantyhose and nobody got laid. No-one fell in love. But then, they tell one another, they had no expectations, they just went out for a good time. The feeling in the kitchen is empty. The ringing silence of the morning seems immense. After some time Peta says: "Maybe tonight will be better." ☉

BY ALEXANDRA T.

*Offer applicable only to persons over 18 years.

BY DICK SPIERS

Paul emerged into the sultry Indian night and hailed a taxi. By changing taxis several times, Paul hoped to create a labyrinthine trail which the Menangese couldn't follow. His ultimate aim was to find a taxi which would drive him to the

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METAL

Continued from page 91

next city; yet when he tried, the driver — for innocent reasons — refused until the next morning. Despondent and tired, Paul finally checked into hotel and decided to wait until morning.

Meanwhile, the Menangese began searching Bangkok, (the only stopover) and, unfortunately for Paul, Bombay. By chance, they found him early the next morning. Needless to say, they were suspicious. They questioned him at length, but he simply stuck to the "truth."

"I lost my bag."

The three Menangese hovered around him menacingly. "You try an' run, we know," one said, weighing a bottle in his hand.

"No, check at the airport. I lost my bag. It took hours to search for it. Ring them and check," Paul demanded.

The Menangese looked at each other; Paul's story was beginning to work. A knock at the door startled the Menangese as much as it did Paul. Paul opened the door. It was his taxi driver, now ready to take him to the next city. For a moment there was an awful silence. Paul dismissed the driver with: "It's all right, they're here now." The driver, and the Menangese, left. Once again, a fast mouth saved Paul's life.

Paul, by this stage, began to see the benefits of buying in bulk. After 17 runs he managed to acquire enough money to buy his own gold, hire his own mules from Chung King Mansions and go into business for himself. This was by no means unusual. In fact, it was common practice among the seasoned mules.

Paul's success and bank balance increased rapidly. At the height of his smuggling, around 1984, he had in excess of \$US250,000 strewn through a network of serviced apartments across Asia. The privileges of his new-found wealth were many: he had a harem of housemaids-cum-prostitutes; he resided in an exclusive apartment with a panoramic view of Hong Kong; he regularly threw and attended decadent parties, where it was not uncommon to see sachets of heroin, a heaped ashtray full of high-grade cocaine and lumps of hash as big as a fist. Paul was 21 years old.

Then the inevitable happened. In the early hours of an April morning, the Thai police raided Paul's Bangkok apartment. With usual police sensitivity, they bashed the door in and commenced to search his apartment. At the bottom of a drain in the bathroom, the police found Paul's stash of heroin he used for entertaining. Paul was arrested for possession of heroin, a substance Paul claims he never touched. He was sentenced to eight years' jail.



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METAL

After two months in jail Paul had accepted his fate. So, in an effort to tie up loose ends, he asked the guards to take him to his hotel. They agreed, for a price. A Thai sergeant demanded \$1,000 for himself and his partner to take Paul ten minutes down the road to his hotel. Paul agreed. The sergeant warned: "You run, we shoot."

Late in the afternoon Paul was driven (in a new BMW) to his hotel, where he assembled his possessions and money. He took some money and organised with the desk clerk to have the remainder periodically sent to the jail. Upon completion of this the sergeant asked Paul if he would like something to eat. Naturally, Paul eagerly accepted. They stopped, quite coincidentally, at another hotel where Paul also had a room. Paul's hands were released from the cuffs to allow him to eat his meal. Although Paul could speak little Thai, and the police spoke only broken English, Paul managed to strike up a rapport with his captors. Throughout dinner the three laughed and joked and sipped on Singha beer.

Upon the conclusion of their meal, Paul asked if he could quickly go upstairs and retrieve some clothes to take back to the jail. The police hesitantly agreed. There was one small problem: the elevator was out of order. Both being overweight and not wishing to climb the stairs, the police began to hustle Paul back to the car. Paul begged and, remembering he had some gold DuPont pens upstairs, he offered

them as a persuasion. For a moment they pondered the situation. Then, after ensuring the staircase was the only exit, they let Paul go to climb the seven flights to his apartment. Both police sat on the bottom step and began to smoke. As Paul reached the top of the first flight, a warning was issued from the sergeant: "Ten minutes, we come looking. Okay?" The sergeant patted his pistol.

Paul scaled the stairs with the intention of returning after retrieving his clothes; until that is, he saw an opening at the top of the second flight of stairs; an opening which dropped directly to the street. He stood listening to the echo of the two police talking below; he could also hear the traffic noise of the Bangkok street through the small opening. He made his decision.

He clambered over the wall, through the hole and dropped a storey to the street. A kilometre down the road was Paul's only hope: a youth hostel where he had some friends. By the time he arrived there, his ten minutes had well and truly expired. His friends, needing no explanation of Paul's circumstances, quickly whisked him out the back and hid him in the laundry area. He spent the night huddled beneath a sink, expecting at any moment to hear the sound of the Thai police searching the premises. One of Paul's friends came down in the early morning and showed Paul a passport, which a young English punk was willing to sell. The passport photograph of the red-haired punk bore little resemblance to Paul's dark Irish features. Nevertheless, Paul brought it for \$250.

The next morning Paul was driven to a

nearby train station. He made his way to the platform anxiously. Would the police have stationed lookouts there? Perhaps they hadn't reported the escape because they were both taking bribes. He considered the fact as he took his seat on the crowded train, which would take him to a small fishing village on the border of Thailand and Malaysia.

After arriving at the village Paul made some discreet, non-verbal enquires about crossing the border. The Thai he questioned pointed to the train station, then to an awaiting taxi. Desperately, Paul tried to communicate his intention. Then, after a lengthy game of charades, the young Thai understood. He demanded \$100, which Paul gladly relinquished. Paul was driven 200m to a long, thin fishing boat, where he paid a further \$500 US for the privilege of a 20-minute boat journey.

Upon arrival at his destination — a jetty leading to a decrepit hangar — he was told to put his eyes down and walk to the open doors at the other end of the building. Paul emerged from the packing cases and stepped into a bustling fish market. Thai and Malaysian fishermen bartered noisily, blood and fish guts soaked the floor, tables of glistening, silver fish lined the hangar, and, at the other end of the building, not 60m away, was the open door. Paul began his walk. He glanced over to the side of the building to see Malaysian customs officials manning a small desk — evidently to monitor the local fisherman. He put his head down and continued walking towards the door. Forty metres to go.

A small Asian boy was walking directly towards him. The boy stopped in front of him. Paul side stepped him. Thirty metres to go.

"You no go. Come me," the boy said, grasping Paul's sleeve, pulling him in the direction of the customs table. The boy's intentions were honest: he was helping the confused European.

"No," Paul said crisply and continued walking. Twenty metres to go.

"You come now sir, you come." The boy's enthusiasm had begun to attract attention from the locals.

"No!" Paul said curtly. A customs officer looked towards the fracas. Now, thanks to the young boy, Paul had no option but to approach the desk. With trepidation, Paul slid his bogus passport to the official, who inspected it, looked at Paul, inspected the passport again, and then promptly stamped it.

Ironically, Paul passed Asian customs for the last time carrying no gold, no US dollars, no contraband, having no money of his own and in possession of nothing more than the clothes he was wearing. It was his exact situation when, two years earlier, he had landed in Hong Kong. Paul walked out of the hangar into Malaysia, and freedom. 

flower power



PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

She admits to being too young to remember the original Flower Power era, but 18-year-old Sacha wants to make up for what she missed out on in the heady Sixties. "I just love the clothes and fashion that went with that era — the attitudes were great too, the emphasis being on loving people rather than destroying them."

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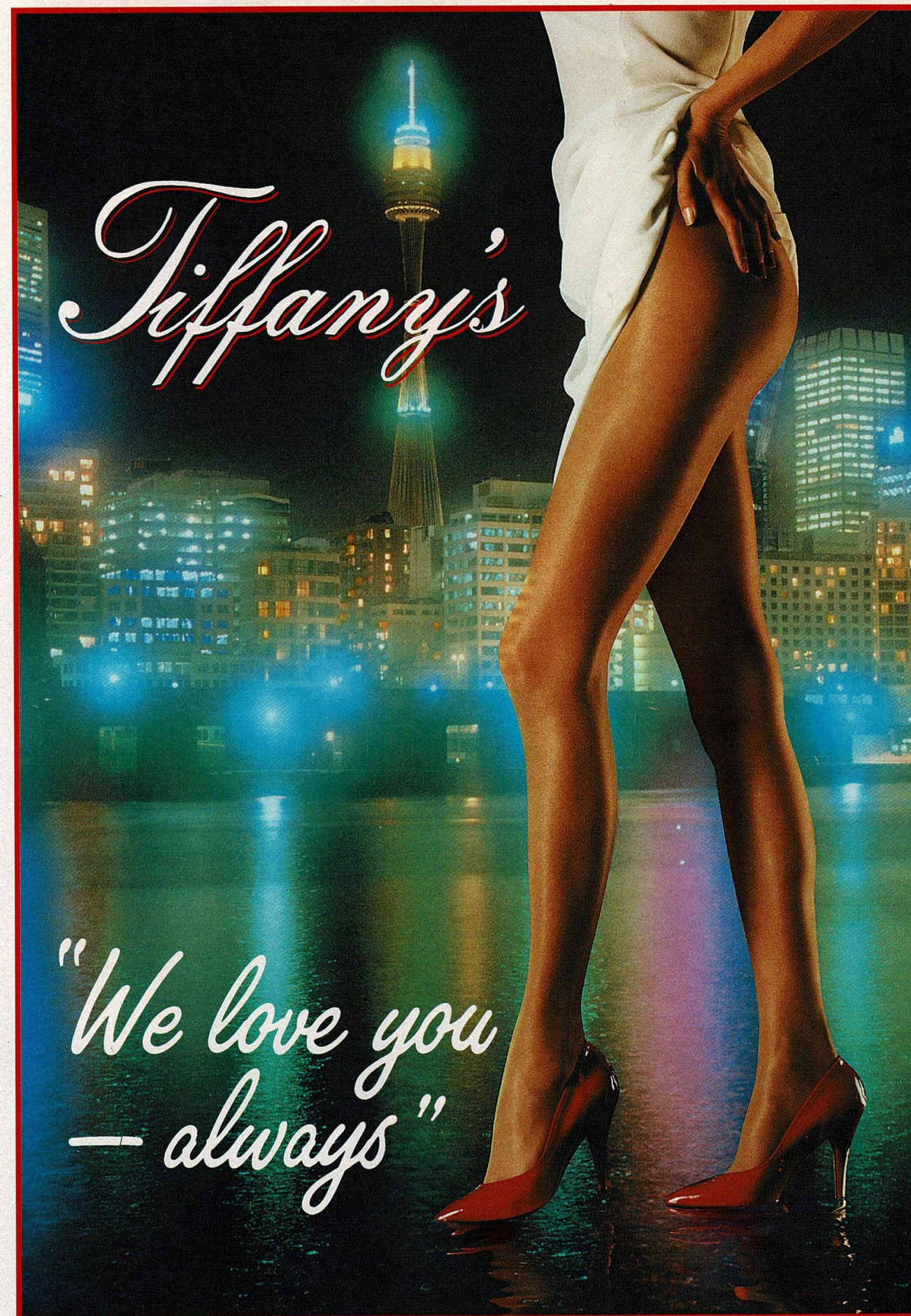
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But it's not all looking back for Sacha. She plans to study law next year and the 5'8" natural blonde with the 36-25-37 figure says the university atmosphere will bring out a side of her other than the hippie. "I like the relaxed feeling of the Flower Power thing, but I can use my brain too," she says with a mischievous smile.







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Photography by Michael Moore

nature's child

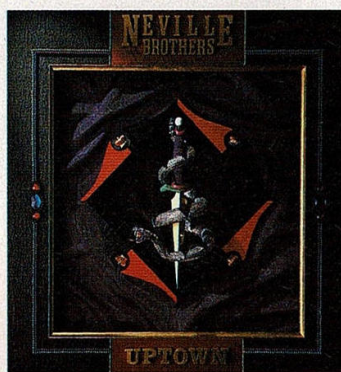
"I was a little nervous about my first nude pictorial, but when I saw this setting, I knew it was right," says model and self-confessed nature-child Charlena Rae. The 19-year-old brunette gets back to nature to relax after modelling sessions and says her ideal man can compete in the urban jungle but relax and be himself in the country.





Charlena keeps her 36-24-34 figure in shape with walking and regular games of tennis, but doesn't become obsessed with her body. "I think the soul and the mind are more important than what you look like — I don't go on crash diets or eat fancy health food. I guess you could say I'm a natural."





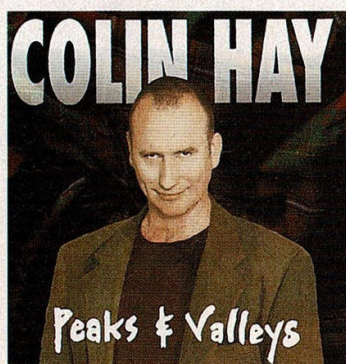
URBAN SCHIZOPHRENIA

On the strength of Ian Gillan's *Toolbox* (East West) and Lita Ford's *Dangerous Curves* (RCA), these two veterans of leather and lead breaks could be a match made in decibel heaven (or Hell, depending on the state of your hearing aid). Ford struts and yelps with all the ferocity of a heavy-rock cartoon Barbarella while Gillan clings to his version of classic pump-and-holler and demonstrates that his Force II wail is still intact. Isn't there some dance producer out there who could take pity on the voice of "Smoke On The Water"? As KLF, Yello and, of course, Run DMC proved with Tammy Wynette, Shirley Bassey and Aerosmith respectively, anything is possible.

Relative heavy newcomers are Pearl Jam who, along with Soundgarden, help to spearhead whatever hard-rock fountainhead Seattle is providing, tucked up in the north-west corner of the US. Making a strike for a first courting of fresh blood, PJ recorded their cunningly named debut *Ten* (Epic) — guaranteed to produce clamors for the previous nine — just a few months into their collective lifespan. They can be ponderously anthemic, as in "Garden" and casually philosophical, as when lyrical guru Eddie Vender sings of the possible plunging suicide of "Deep." He reassures us that "he just ain't nothing but he's got a great view . . . can't touch the bottom." Consensus in the band is that singer Eddie is their spiritual lifeblood and he does display flashes of mood, with the like of which Peter Gabriel has made his

mark. These boys, however, are much more the rock animals, powered by manic, axe-wielding riffheads Stone Gossard and Mike McCready. They have their relatively pastoral moments, like at the start of their final "Release", but true to form (and Vender's reputation as a San Diego surf-fiend) this, too, builds and breaks like a wild sea.

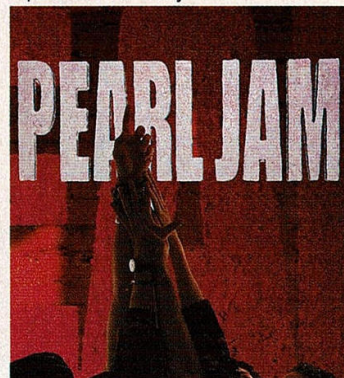
From New York and displaying some healthy urban schizophrenia are The Family Stand. They mine a fairly broad range of black musical experience from then (Sly Stone, Jimi Hendrix) and now (Steve Wonder, Lenny Kravitz, Living Colour) basking under a *Moon in Scorpio* (East West). The trio of Sandra St Clair, Peter Lord and V. Jeffrey Smith are usually fleshed out by a living, breathing rhythm section caught live in NYC's Power Station studio. They deliver their funky, hard-rock riffs with relish and Vernon Reid (Living Colour guitar-



ist) even pays a brief but frenzied visit ("In The Midst Of Revolution"). Their rallying pump-and-bump "Plantation Radio" outlines their modus operandi. "Was I too funky? Did I go pop? Excuse me for trying, mind if I rock?" — only they don't wait for permission. They dig into heavy grooves but allow themselves and the audience frequent respites, like the funky jazz sax and acoustic piano workout of "Free Spirit" that spins off into pure swing.

Local outspoken loon Ollie Olsen and perpetually tinkering keyboard instrumentalist Gus Till attempt to wipe the collective sleep from their *Third Eye* (Festival) and provide a dreamy antithesis of rap on the dance floor. Olsen is apparently striving for a real understanding of emptiness through hypnotic dance. He's tired of techno agro, which last surfaced in No, with which he and Gus were doing the rounds concurrent with recording "Max Q" with

Michael Hutchence. Here they display tendencies of good old-fashioned boys harking back to the traditional values as espoused by those grandparents of dinky-synth disco, Kraftwerk. Meditative chants and that beat elevate late night clubbing to the level of a voyage of spiritual discovery.



The dense, evocative rhythms and spirit that set New Orleans' favorite sons, the Neville Brothers, apart from the mob have been shelved for their current excursion *Uptown* (EMI), which sounds like the set they might trot out for weddings and barmitzvahs. It's as if they've reacted against being soulful brothers and gone for the pop jugular. The opening track ominously proclaims: "I'll do whatever it takes." Also, producer Jim Gaines has added little magic to lift the tracks. Not that this release is badly sung or played, but comparing it with their past gems is like comparing fish fingers to fresh Atlantic salmon.

Canadian harpist Loreena McKennit pays us *The Visit* (WEA) to deliver her own form of translucent sonic meditation. She resorts lyrically to a bit of the old Shakespeare and Tennyson and revels in the Mr Whippy mating call "Greensleeves." Fellow Canadians Spirit Of The West have married rock-and-roll sensibilities to their Celtic acoustic folk origins as they possibly *Go Figure* (WEA) how to sell the rampant nationalism of "Far Too Canadian" to their country's Olympic effort. "I'd bite the hand that slaps me senseless, but my patience is too relentless."

Colin Hay has chronicled some personal *Peaks And Valleys* (East West) in between cups of coffee in Melbourne. It is the acoustic album he claims to have wanted to make for a long time, but maybe he was originally too successful to contemplate it. — Jeremy Cook

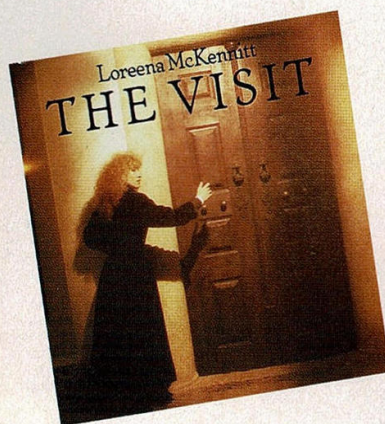
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Clockwise from above: Neville Brothers go for pop; Pearl Jam prove they are rock animals; acoustics from Colin Hay; and sonic meditation from Loreena McKennit.

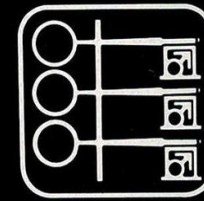


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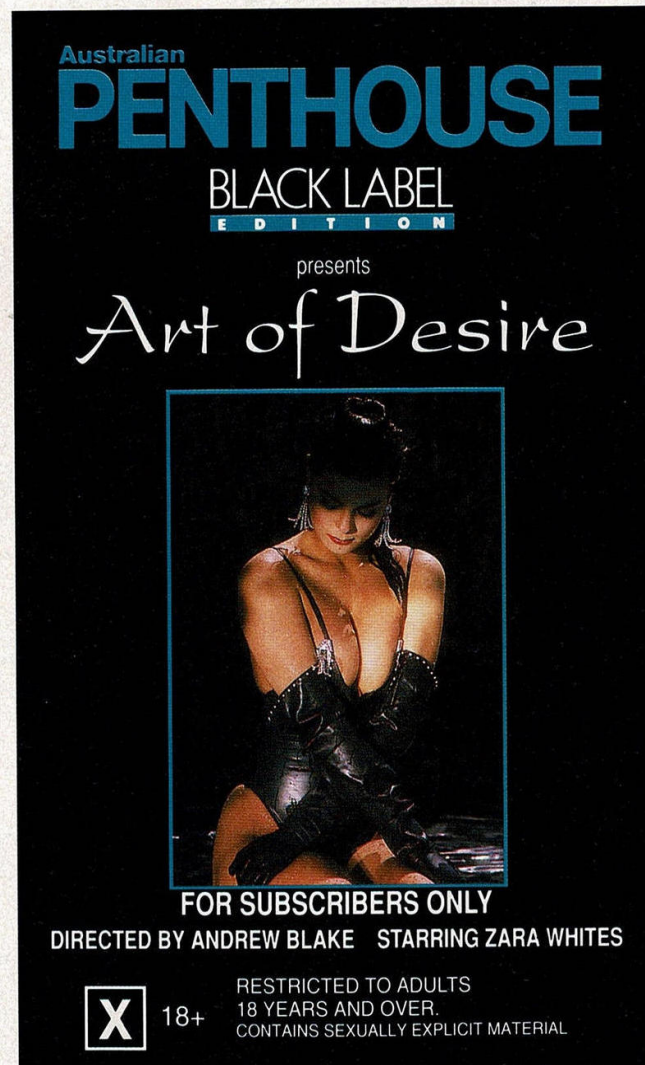


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sea bird

Make one wrong move with 22-year-old Cassie and she'll have you all at sea. The blue-eyed blonde university student admits to big ambitions in life, but can't resist the romance of life on the sea. "I can be very hard and calculating about my life and career, but I'm a sucker for a man with a yacht," the sea-faring Aquarius admits.

**PHOTOGRAPHY BY
JAMES MCFARLIN**







Cassie, a fitness fanatic, grew up travelling the world with her business executive father and says it is hard to settle down. "I like to keep moving and meeting new people which is probably why I like sailing — it'll take the right man for me to settle down."



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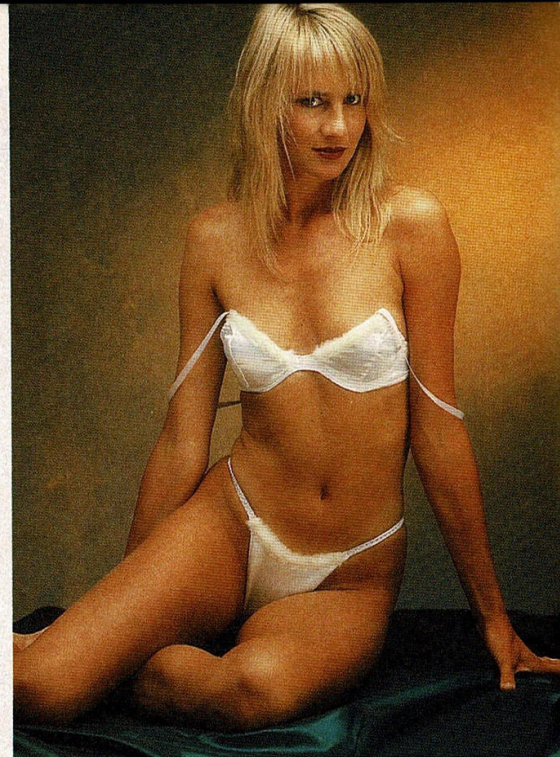
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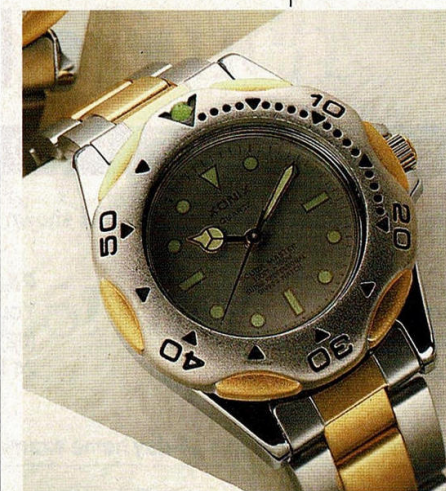
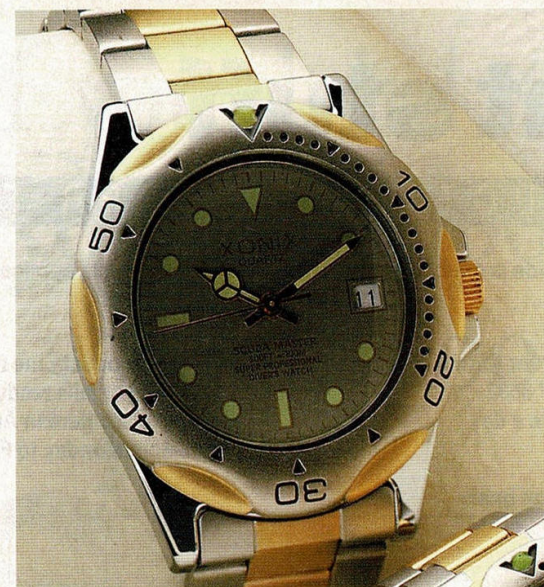
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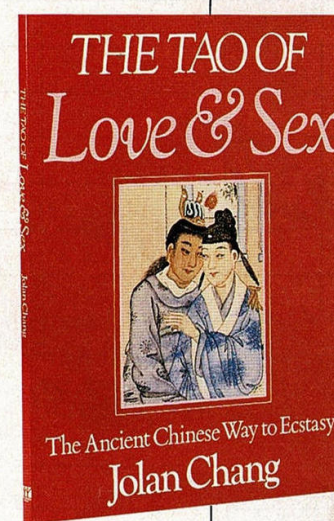
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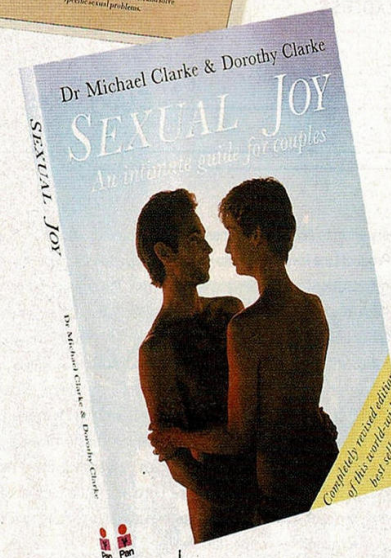
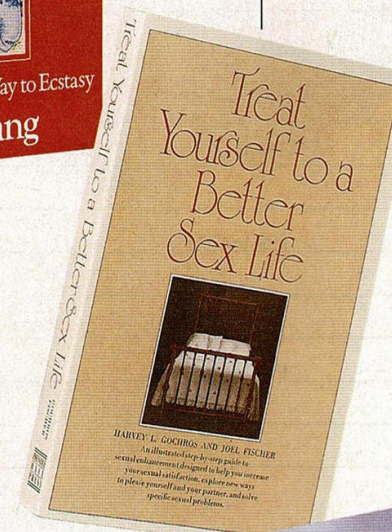
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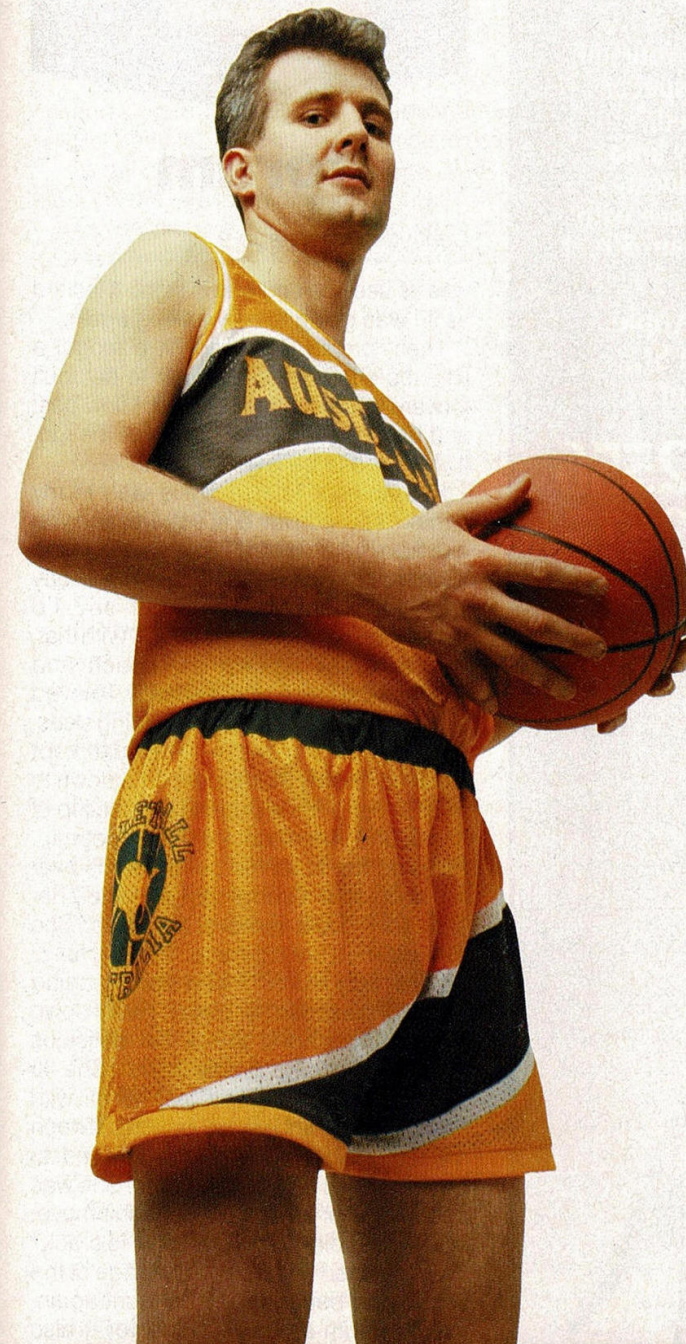
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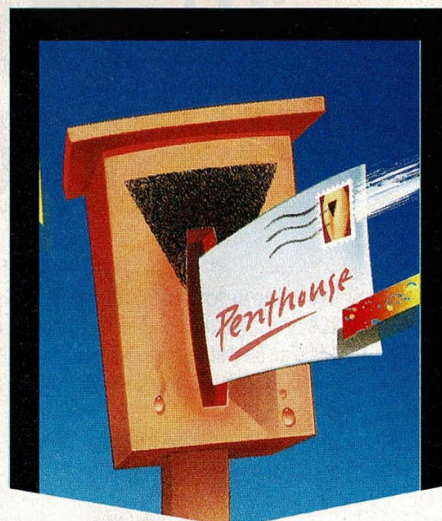
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Continued from page 9

was no use, the end was in sight. It looked as if I was going to be wanking again.

Then, praise God, she hit a mogul a little too sharply, causing her to catapult forward and hit the snow hard. I flew past and braked sharply at the end of the run. It was hard to believe, but I had won.

Half-an-hour later, Angela was in my cabin. "You won fair and square, and you can have your reward," she said, lighting a cigarette. "So go ahead, fuck me — any way you want. But I didn't say I'd participate — so enjoy yourself." With that, she lay back against the couch and watched the fire. A little hesitantly, I moved over to her and unzipped her racing skins. Angela didn't move — she just kept smoking. Slowly the zipper came down to expose her perfect breasts and the top of her mound. Angela took a swig of cognac. I cajoled her to let me get the skins over her shoulders. Grudgingly, she lifted her hips so I could remove the skins. She extinguished her cigarette. "Having fun?"

"Yes, very much," I said slowly parting her legs to expose her pussy. I went down on her and started to lick her delicious inner-thighs and pussy folds. She lit another ciggie. I began to lash her clit with my hot tongue and roll her button between my teeth. She didn't flinch. I started to finger her as I tongued her cunt. She was becoming very wet, but she didn't move. How was I going to get this bitch to crack?

I positioned her arse on the edge of the couch and began to lick her cunt again, this time with a new-found fervor. I also pumped three fingers into her cunt as I played with her nipples with my free hand. After ten minutes, my tongue was getting sore, my hand hurt and my chin was saturated, but this girl just stared into the fire. Bugger it, I thought, I might as well just fuck her. I pulled my super-hard cock out and I noticed her eyes light up with lust. You beauty! Hooked.

I just touched the head against her wet

lips then ran the tip up and over her clit. Still she didn't move. I moved the head up and down her slit, masturbating at the same time. Her eyes were fixed on my cock. The cigarette she was smoking had just about turned completely to ash. I dipped my cock in about a centimetre, pulled it out and continued sliding it up and down her slit. I pushed the head in again and let it sit, just one centimetre, inside her hot, hot cunt. Then, with a relaxed air, I took a cigarette out of the packet and used her cig to light mine.

As I smoked, I felt her hips inch forward so her cunt could swallow my cock. Then, with a burst of sexual fury, she plunged on to me yelling: "You tease!"

Quickly, I threw her into doggie position and began to pound her shapely arse. Her beautiful hair flicked from side to side as my cock slid into this goddess. Within a minute I was pumping jets of sperm into her delicious cunt. I collapsed on to the floor and Angela flopped face-down in front of the fire. I could see her glistening, open pussy between those long, firm legs which were finished by a pert, shapely arse and topped with a mane of shiny hair. I felt my cock stir — I could do this all night. After a minute she looked over her shoulders and out the window. "It's going to snow within five minutes," she said.

"Want to make a bet?" I said.

Yep, I won the next bet and this time I got half-an-hour of good head until I came in her mouth. We kept betting for the rest of the evening and somehow I kept winning. Pretty lucky, huh? — *Name and address withheld*

Fast food

On the first day of uni I walked around the grounds trying to find someone I knew. As I wandered, I saw a stunning-looking girl walk into the history building. Instantly, my heart began to pound heavily. You see, I was going to the history building too.

I was disappointed when I entered the classroom and she was nowhere to be seen. Then, just as the professor was about to begin his introductory lecture, my little goddess walked through the door and sat in an empty seat a few rows away from me. As she was settling in, she stretched her back to release her knapsack from her shoulder. I thought I was going to lose it when I saw the outline of her nipples protruding through her T-shirt. My eyes were glued to her for the rest of the lecture.

I decided that I was not going to waste any time, so I approached her straight after class and — trying not to stare at her tits — asked her if she would like to grab a bite to eat. Over a casual lunch in the dining hall, I found out that her name was Kathy and that she had just broken up with her boyfriend. I sensed that she found me attractive, so I took the opportunity to ask her out to dinner.

I picked her up at 7.30pm and she looked awesome. She was wearing a short, tight black dress that clung to every sweet curve of her body. We went to a romantic little fondue restaurant where we had a candlelight dinner. The place was perfect for a first date. We had time to talk and get to know each other. We cooked our own dinner and we were virtually uninterrupted by the waitress.

When the waitress brought out a large bowl of chocolate fondue and a plate of assorted fruit, Kathy flashed me a wicked smile. Then she quickly took a cherry from the plate and dipped it into the chocolate. She tilted her head back, opened her mouth and let the hot chocolate drip on to her glistening tongue. Her moist lips then engulfed the cherry and gently jerked it off the stem. She leant over and gave me a playful little kiss on the cheek.

I couldn't help but notice that her dress was riding up pretty high on her legs. She was driving me wild, and she knew it. As I placed my hand on the top of her thigh, I discovered a pleasant surprise. Her nylons didn't go up as high as I had thought — she was wearing black lace garters over her thigh-high stockings. As I moved closer, she placed her leg on my knees. With her legs wide apart, I began to inch my hand up her thighs towards her warmth.

Our minds were definitely on the same wavelength, because her hand was moving in the same direction on me. While my fingers drew small circles on her inner thighs, she was working my zipper down. It didn't take her very long to reach her hands into my boxers and greet her anxious new friend. She eagerly released my pulsating member from its cramped quarters. Feeling her fingers wrap around my hot cock was a double-shock, because her hand was still chilly from holding her wine glass. I knew that she was getting just as aroused as I was when I felt the heat from between her ever-widening legs.

By this point we were both growing increasingly impatient and food was the farthest thing from our minds. Without even getting the bill, I left money on the table and we headed out the back door toward the parking lot. We never quite made it out the door, but instead took a detour into the men's room. As I locked the door, Kathy spun me around, pinned me up against the wall and plunged her tongue down my throat. We were lip-locked for what felt like an eternity. I think that was the most passionate kiss I have ever had in my life.

I placed her on top of the basin and she wrapped her legs around my body. I lifted her skirt above her waist and found another surprise: she wasn't wearing any knickers. I was staring right at her perfectly shaped love triangle. Remembering where we were, I didn't waste any time. I buried my face in her

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steaming cunt and finally got a taste of her sweet nectar. As I continuously teased her clit, she began to tremble.

She started banging her fists on my back, telling me that she must have me. Anxious to oblige, I dropped my pants, slipped on a condom and thrust my cock inside her. As I pumped feverishly, Kathy let out groans of pleasure. I had to put my lips on hers so no-one outside would hear us. It didn't take very long for us to reach the point of ecstasy. I exploded inside her with an intensity I have never felt before.

We realised that as much as we wanted this incredible feeling to last forever, we were still in a public facility. We quickly splashed some water on our faces, regained our composure and casually walked out. — *Name and address withheld*

Sandwich passion

I always thought stories of office romances were bullshit, but they were something I dreamed about. My story begins when I started working in the city. I took my lunch break at 1pm every day and noticed Sarah going to the same sandwich shop as I did. Day after day we would sit on opposite sides of the park and sometimes catch each other staring.

Sarah was an attractive 32 year old. I am 19. She was tall with a great figure, light-brown/blonde hair and what looked like a great all-over tan. She had the cutest face imaginable.

One day, I took the plunge and started talking to her at the sandwich bar. I asked

her what she was having on her sandwich that day. We ate lunch together and the conversation quickly opened up. We started to talk quite freely. She said that she was too old and busy to go out and find male companionship so she said she satisfied her own needs her own way. I was getting a real erection and she kept placing her hand on my leg.

Our time was up and we began walking back to our respective buildings. As we approached a small laneway she pulled me into it and threw her tongue into the back of my throat. She rubbed her hot mound into the bulge in the front of my trousers and began to let out small moans. She was going berserk!

She came to her senses and stopped, but gave me her number and asked me to call her at work that afternoon. Around 5.30 I made myself call her. I was nervous as hell.

She was glad to hear from me and picked me up a few minutes later in her BMW. We drove to her place over looking the water. Inside, she walked off into another room, leaving me standing alone. She walked back out dressed in nothing but skimpy lace bra, a G-string, stockings and suspenders — all in white.

She moved over to me slowly and told me to stand still. She undressed me and then went crazy, throwing her tongue into my mouth and kissing my neck and chest like an animal. She went down on her knees and took my super-erect penis into her mouth, hitting the back of her throat with each stroke. She had a passion for cock-sucking and was getting hornier as she licked and sucked and moaned and groaned. I could feel myself about to

explode and I warned her but she held me deep as I shot my load into the back of her throat. She let out more moans of approval and swallowed every drop of come and kept sucking harder for more.

She stood up and went into her bedroom. Sarah had a huge bed. I peeled off her lingerie and gently pushed her down on to the white silk sheets. I kissed her face and her superbly shaped boobs. I kissed my way down further and pushed my tongue deep inside her cunt after priming her with some attention to her sweet spot. She let out the most erotic squeals and pushed her vagina into my face. I found her erect clit again and licked it until she was on the brink of a massive orgasm. She begged me to fuck her.

I positioned her for easy access and as she tongued my ear, I ever-so-gently entered her. She let out loud cries as my eight-incher slid slowly inside her and she lifted her thighs back for greater penetration. She felt so good inside. She grabbed my bum cheeks with both hands and ordered me to increase the pace. I was soon pounding my meat deeper and deeper into her with each stroke. She reached several screaming orgasms before I fulfilled her request by shooting my load deep inside her as she reached yet another orgasm.

After a shower, we returned to the bedroom and went straight into a 69 on the bed. She tasted so sweet and with her lips tightly hugging my tool I desperately needed to enter her again.

I rolled her on to her stomach and pulled her butt into the air to get into doggie-style. The way she thrust her wet, hot and juicy pussy back to me, it looked as if she was in heaven. I pumped her hard and she loved it. I felt my cock expanding and she told me to push deep into her and hold it there. Sarah wiggled herself around the end of my cock while she played with her clit, moaning and panting all the while. I couldn't hold back any longer and pulled out. She spun around in time for me to spurt my load all over her large, creamy breasts. The semen seemed to squirt out of me forever. She stroked herself and licked the come off her fingers. We collapsed with exhaustion at 4am, with us both having to go to work the same morning. We still meet at the sandwich bar, but now we have much more on our minds than just eating the food. — *Name and address withheld.* O+

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Birds in the hand

Several hot Aussie summers have rolled by since I walked into a Sydney northern beaches party with Jodie on one arm and Joanne on the other. Both girls were totally confident of their lithe and lean, but shapely, bodies. And they had every right to be.

Joanne was 155cm tall — a nut-brown, curly-haired strawberry blonde with small but gorgeous tits. Her nipples rose out from each breast just like Bob Seger sang: "Way up firm and high..." As regular bed-mates, I knew she had a tangy and neatly-trimmed pussy, which I loved to suck as far as I could into my mouth.

Jodie was taller, thanks to shapely legs that went up to a snatch I had not yet met, but sure as hell wanted to. She also had little tits which she clearly enjoyed flashing. She had stronger features than Joanne but a sexuality that never went away. I wanted to fuck her badly.

The party was a rage and my flatmate Anders somehow got into Jodie's pants in the backyard beside the barbecue, giving me occasional glimpses of a beautiful arse and tits. But watching my flatmate score the girl I wanted made me lose interest in the party, so we left.

Back at our place Joanne and I lay in bed listening to the muffled sounds of Jodie eating pillow next door as Anders fucked her for what seemed like the umpteenth time. I was tired, but all the fucking noises from next-door got Joanne horny and she cracked a big slippery. She leaped on me with her usual expert kisses and blow-job and followed up with some noises of her own as she rode me to a climax that had her shaking and yelling strange things and digging her fingernails into my delicate chest.

Next morning I heard Anders leave early. Jodie, hardly a shy girl, took matters into her own hands and came into my room wearing only her map of Tasmania, which had been contoured to just cover her Vee-Dub bonnet. Instant fucking boner, let me tell you.

"I'm all on my own," she said, "so move over."

Yee-fucking ha! was all I could think.

The assertive Jodie took the initiative, filling my ear with her tongue. Joanne, to

my delight, needed no more encouragement and joined in. This was happening to me. A threesome! Yes! Thank you.

Next, Jodie started telling us all about her screwing with Anders. "My clit is so sore," she said. "Anders sucked it up between his front teeth (he is blessed with a gap between his teeth tailor-made for taking a clit into custody and making the poor girl powerless) and licked me to orgasm. Then he screwed me doggie style." Tell me more, tell me more, I was thinking as my molehill started turning into a mountain.

Jodie didn't bore me with the details for too long and soon had my dick in her hand as she continued the licking and kissing around my ears with hot, horny breath. Always a sport, Joanne had joined the party. She had my engorged cock on her lips and then in her mouth and was giving me the kind of blow-job she knew I liked while my hand caressed her clitoris and occasionally her vagina.

The tongue in my ear got too much and I grabbed Jodie's beautiful bum and pulled her on to my face. She spread as wide as she could as she sat down on my mouth, giving me a view (and mouthful) of her still-swollen cunt, while Joanne continued giving me the best-quality head.

The heated foreplay was bringing me closer to the point of no return, and I had

set my heart on fucking this crazy Jodie woman. I made the decision as my spine felt like it was going to melt and explode through my dick — It was time to dip the stick into Jodie's slot!

I pushed Jodie's dripping pussy away from my face and got Joanne to halt the blow-job at the very last second before it was too late. Jodie knew what was coming — she lay back and spread 'em. I had no trouble sliding all the way inside — Jodie was wet and, oh bliss, the girl was still teenage-tight. Joanne pushed my chest away from Jodie's tits and sucked on them while I slowly increased our fucking tempo.

Jodie was huh-huh-huhing while Joanne held one of her legs jackknifed back with her arm. I grunted and growled and Joanne was still grinding her cunt on to my hand and calling "yes, yes" in muffled tones through the slurping sounds of her tit-sucking. It was all too much and I blew my load deep inside Jodie. Her nails dug into Joanne's back who was reaching her own orgasm from my hand.

I've got no idea where these two lovelies are now — no doubt still strutting their stuff. Regardless, I will long remember the morning glory we shared. — *Name and address withheld*

Jumper weather

It was around ten on a boring Tuesday



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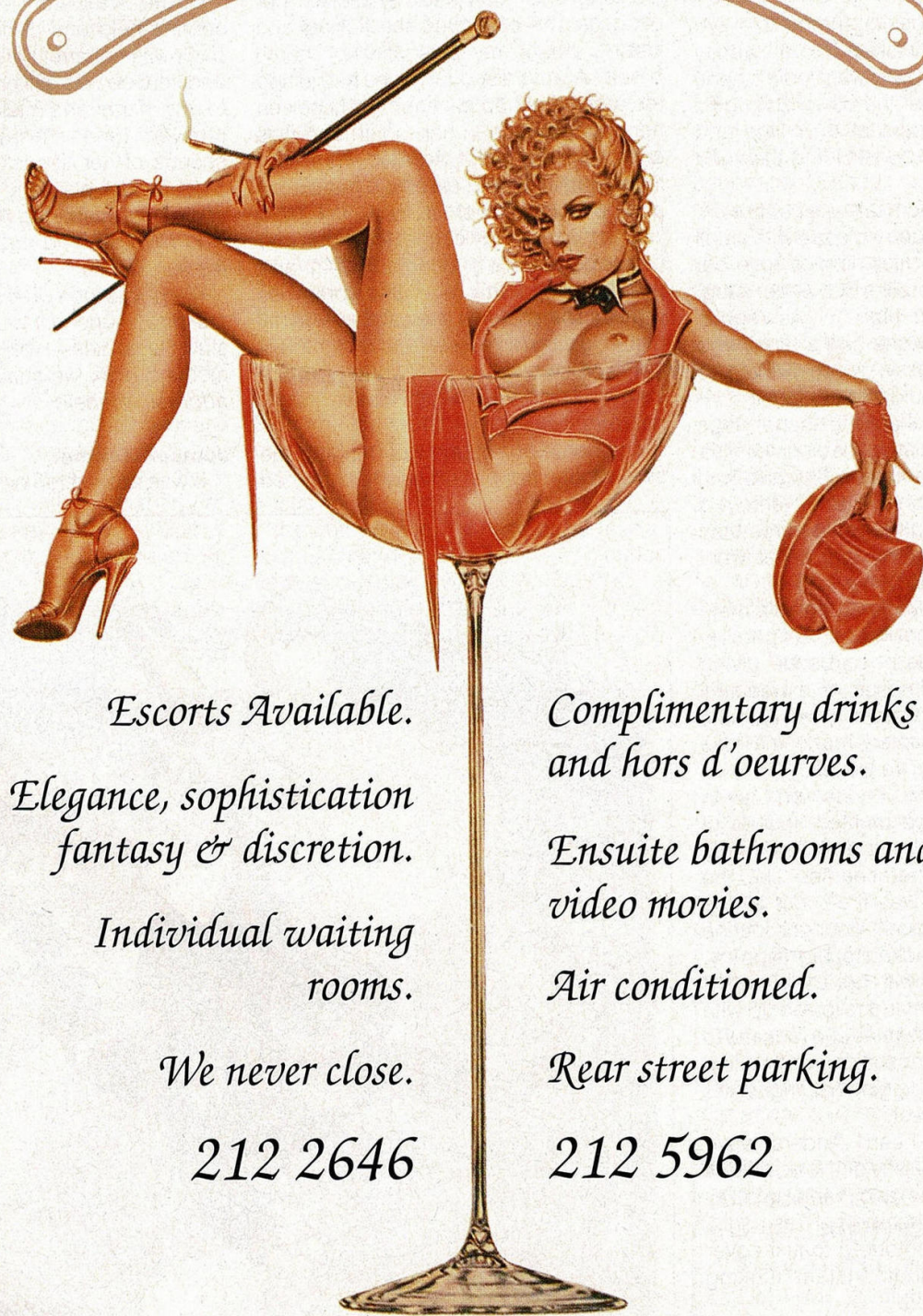
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BLACK LABEL E D I T I O N forum

morning when I decided to kill some time by shopping. A friend had told me about a new boutique in a trendy part of town, so I decided to give it a try.

When I walked in, I was greeted by one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen. Her long, dark hair accentuated her sharp features in a most seductive way. She flashed me a sensual smile. I felt my heart start to pound a little faster. After telling me her name was Grace, she asked if she could be of any assistance. I told her that I was just looking around but could really use a nice sweater to go with the black leather skirt I was wearing. Without hesitation she said she had just the thing.

Within seconds she ushered me into a big, mirrored dressing room and presented me with a sweater. I slipped it on, then stepped out to see what she thought. She liked the look, but said I needed a different bra. I slid my sweater off and waited. She brought me a lovely light-blue, smooth silk bra and without thinking I removed mine and put it on.

She took hold of one of the straps and started to tighten it. Her other hand cupped my breast and raised it slightly to complete the adjustment. Then she did the same with the other side. Her feather-like touch had turned my nipples hard and they stood straight out. I couldn't believe how much Grace was turning me on.

She stood close behind me, whispering in my ear how great I looked. Her breath caressed my skin, heating me up all the more. Her hands came up on either side of me, rubbing my nipples through the silk. I watched in the mirror as she caressed my breasts and kissed me gently on the neck.

I didn't want Grace to stop, but I didn't have the courage to move. Her hand ran down to my black leather skirt and began caressing my mound through the heavy fabric. Ever so slowly, her hand found its way under the skirt to the soft skin of my inner thighs. Her long fingernails gently scratched their way to my warmth as her tongue traced a path of moisture down my back. And here I was watching the whole thing in a huge mirror.

Grace knelt behind me and placed a hand on either knee. While her tongue darted across the back of my knees, she pushed my leather skirt above my waist. As she hiked the skirt over my arse, my

face fell forward on to the cold mirror. In the mirror behind me, I got a perfect view as Grace pulled down my sheer black panties to expose my arse and now-very-moist pussy. Dumbfounded, I watched as she inserted first one finger, then two fingers, into my cunt. I could barely get my breath, the feeling in my pussy was so hot.

Grace began to bite my arse cheeks softly as she hoisted her own skirt and plunged her free hand into her own panties.

I was just feeling the beginnings of an orgasm when we heard voices approaching. Grace froze with one hand in my cunt, the other in her own and her tongue centimetres from my clit. The voices were that of a man and a woman talking about the boutique layout. By the look in Grace's eyes, it was obvious that they were her employers. They stopped just in front of the curtain of the dressing room. Little did they realise not a metre away were two women fucking.

With slow, deliberate strokes, Grace began to finger me again. I bit my lip as her fingers explored the depths of my cunt. The voices began talking about Grace's whereabouts. Specifically, they discussed why Grace was never on the premises and her general slack attitude. The woman became enraged and resolved to find her and fire her. We listened as the front chimes signalled her

departure. A devilish smile had crossed Grace's face.

"I'm in here, Mr Tromell," she said loudly.

I couldn't believe it. My heart jumped into my throat. My stomach fell away and I felt my juices begin to gush. From the corner of my eye I saw the curtain slide open. There stood an attractive young man with blond hair and a stunned look on his face. It was little wonder — the sight before him would have been incredible. Grace withdrew her fingers from my cunt and held my wet pussy wide open.

What happened next was quick. Mr Tromell didn't waste any time at all. He had got an instant, huge hard-on, which he whipped out of his trousers and plunged into my cunt. He began fucking me hard.

Orgasm was a chain reaction. With her own fingers working her own clit, Grace orgasmed first. She cried out and sucked hard on my clit. Her groans of ecstasy and the heat of her mouth around my clit blew me out, and I came with a great shudder. This, in turn, set Mr Tromell off. His body bucked as he thrust his pulsating his cock deep inside me.

All in all, the episode had a happy ending. Grace didn't get fired. Mr Tromell got a very willing employee. I got to experience my first threesome. And naturally, we all got together again. — Name and address withheld O—

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Bauer in-line skates are definitely for the energetic. They're engineered for urban terrain and whether it be jumping, riding the curbs or gliding across the asphalt, they deliver top performance with comfort. For stockist information, call Addlon Trading Co. Pty Ltd on (02) 798-9044.



THE TON

The "Ton", a revolutionary new cricket bat designed by Paul Keegan and Max Kromp, is set to power its way into international cricketing. The designers say that power and accuracy are substantially increased because the batter's bottom hand is slightly behind the blade. Trade inquiries to Paul Keegan on (02) 666-6455.

GONE TODAY, HAIR TOMORROW

Some factions of the European scientific community believe that human placenta — the hormone-rich organ present in a pregnant female to provide nourishment for the foetus — may help prevent hair loss. Bio-Placenta Care is currently marketing a new hair-regeneration program in Australia. For more information call Bio-Placenta Care (Australia) on (03) 416 9144.



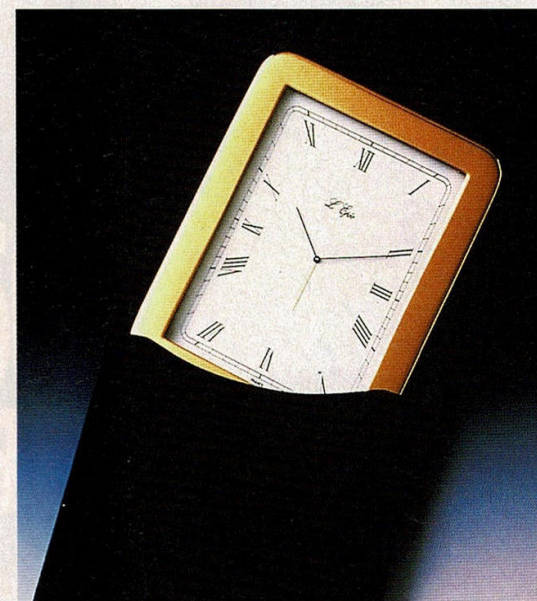
SEE SAW

One of the most useful tools outdoors is a saw. Most saws, however, are too awkward to carry into the wilderness. Not the Trail Blazer, though. It easily folds down to fit into a backpack. Available from Zen Imports (02) 818-1955.



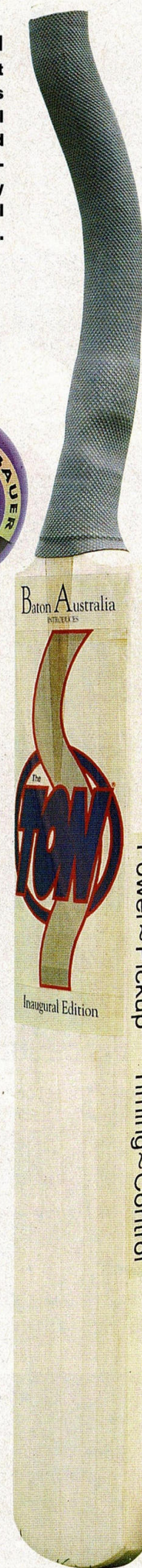
MOVING TIME

French clockmakers L'Epee have introduced the Cadette — an elegant, solid-brass travelling clock. The Cadette features Swiss quartz movement, an alarm and folding foot. By special request to L'Epee, the Cadette's case can be lacquered in lapis lazuli. L'Epee, who are renowned for their solid-brass carriage clocks, was founded in the Montbeliard area of France in 1839 and is the only company in the world which produces all the components for its clocks. The L'Epee Cadette is available from Hardy Brothers stores throughout Australia and costs \$675.



AND THE WINNERS ARE ...

The winner of the Chinon competition held in the December issue of *Australian Penthouse* was: A. Duclos of South Windsor, NSW. The winner of the Pioneer competition in the January 1992 issue was M. Hetherington of Baralaba, Qld. The winners of the Rebel Yell competition in the February 1992 edition were: D. Rossow, Ayr, Qld; C. Lawrence, Wulagi, NT; R. MacMillan, Hobart, Tas; C. Wells, Mooroolbark, Vic; E. Seymour, Newcastle, NSW; S. Zakelj, Keyneton, SA; L. Golja, Joondanna, WA; M. Wakefield, Como, NSW; J. Lee, Brupengary, Qld; S. Barnes, Balcatta, WA.



Power ~ Pickup Timing ~ Control



Pet Of The Month, Justine Adams

INSIDE JULY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Mean Streets — Street crime — vandalism, assault, muggings and car theft — is on the rise. July *Penthouse* profiles Australian capital-city crime ghettos, the streets Mr and Mrs Average wouldn't want to walk down after dark. Don't miss these dramatic descriptions of Australia's most dangerous streets in next month's edition of Australia's top selling men's monthly magazine.

The Sound Of Money — In the Nineties, the modern music business is run by lawyers and accountants. In the US, the result has been a stream of bizarre and ridiculous lawsuits accompanying the release of many recent recordings. Obscenity, drug abuse, copyright conflict, deafness and defamation are just some of the subjects of legal argument. Read what happens when the writs hit the fan in July *Australian Penthouse*.

Nightlife — In next month's issue, the third instalment of our Nightlife series, we cross the Tasman and take a look at a typical Kiwi Saturday night in the North Island city of Wellington. We follow a rugby team — the Southern Cross Vulgarians RFC — through a night that will inspire some, disgust others, but be remembered by all.

Pet Of The Month — Dedication and discipline, says Justine Adams, is the formula for success. July's Pet Of The Month works out for three hours a day, every day. You'll see the spectacular results of her devotion in next month's issue of *Australian Penthouse*.

GOLDEN GIRL

Continued from page 38

So far, her earnings have been limited. The *Sunday Age* Rich List of top 50 earners in Australian sport excluded her.

"She was well outside," says compiler and writer Gerard Wright. "The cut-off level was \$250,000. If Jane made more than \$100,000 last year, I'd be surprised."

Flemming had seen the list in the past. "I was amazed at what some of these people earn, and when I consider what they put in and what athletes put in, it's not unreasonable that we do earn much more."

Wright continues: "Flemming's future sport earnings are dependent on the Olympics. Do well and her potential is unlimited."

Sitting there looking at her, I want to know this: where does the drive and determination to crush the shit out of everyone come from?

It catches her off guard and she doesn't give the rote answer that you find in all the cuttings.

She laughs. "I don't know. But it's there all right. Maybe it comes from being part of a large family and being in the middle. I don't know, but it's there. Yeah, crush." She laughs some more.

So will she win Olympic gold at Barcelona?

"It's a big ask," she says, "and that's nothing to do with not focussing or absolutely wanting it, just that there are so many imponderables."

The biggest is how others perform on the day. But she is still ranked second in the world. Her Auckland performance pushed her to within 600 points of Jackie Joyner-Kersey (now thought to be past her best), and she's on even terms with the Europeans, Sabine Braun and Liliana Mastasi. Her Auckland win was almost 300 points greater than the tally of Los Angeles Olympics winner Glynnis Nunn.

Flemming has to be fit, has to work through each of her injuries, then perform on the first two days of August. Hundred-metre hurdles, high-jump and shot-put on the first day, followed by 200-metre sprint, long-jump, javelin and 800 metres on the second day. Maybe she's right — it's a "big ask." But the Olympics always are.

Matt won't be there to see her. Jane won't have him around when she competes. She wants total focus and control, both factors which lead to gold.

It's inner will that drives her on over the obstacles that inevitably stand in the way of women like her. People walk away from her knowing that this person will push the envelope to the limit. And if they don't like it, tough luck.

The hell with Warhol's 15 minutes of fame. Flemming's here for the duration, now. 



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